Week ending October 20 1951 *Wednesday Fourpence*

John Bull

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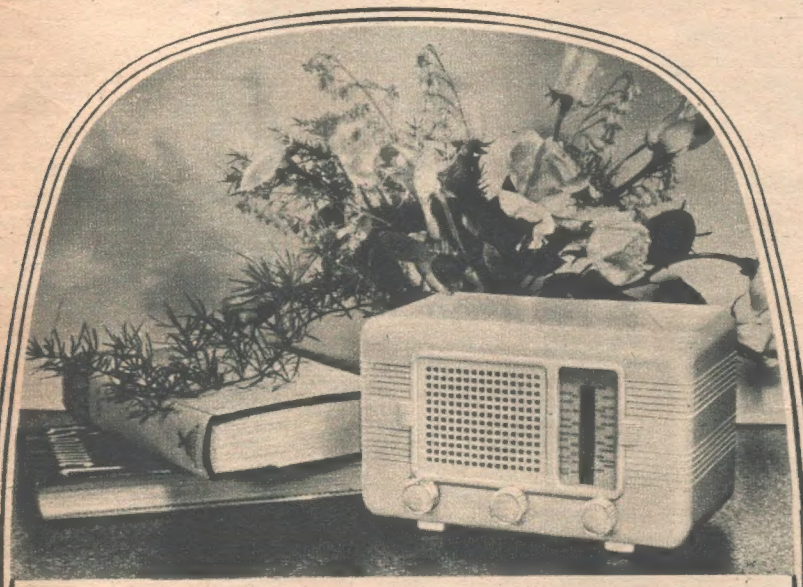

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EDITORIAL

British elections fascinate the world

THIS MONTH WE ARE in the limelight from China to Peru, not only because foreigners are interested in whether Britain changes from Labour to Conservative, but because the election itself is a rare and fascinating spectacle.

Outside the British Commonwealth and Scandinavia there are very few countries where the democratic process works as simply and efficiently as here and where in one day's voting the electors can decisively install a strong government from either side.

For our government stems entirely from one elected chamber — the House of Commons. Our executives as well as our legislators are there as the choice of the people.

The American system, though democratic, seems to our minds less efficient. In the United States elections take place only at fixed intervals —not, as in Britain, whenever the state of the nation demands that the Government should ask for a new mandate or be replaced.

Further, the American executive is elected separately and at different times from the legislators. The President is not a party leader within Congress, and he can appoint to the great offices of state men who are not members of either House.

BECAUSE of this rigid system with divided powers it is possible for the chief executive, the President, to be faced for two years at a time with an opposition majority in Congress. Then there comes a paralysing tussle. The President makes decisions and tries to carry them out. To frustrate him, Congress may deny money and refuse to pass laws. Wrangling and bargaining waste Washington's time.

It happened to Mr. Truman. Such a stalemate is impossible in Britain.

Mr. Attlee could no more attempt to govern with a Tory majority in the Commons than Mr. Churchill could with a Labour majority.

Our kind of stalemate is different and extremely rare. It is the one which this General Election is designed to end—a situation in which the balance of parties is so close that strong action is difficult and Parliament becomes a continuous battlefield instead of a "well of wisdom."

But this happens so seldom that it hardly points to any weakness in our constitution. Once in a hundred years is not a serious matter.

We have, moreover, acquired an affection and an unshakable preference for our two-party system which is the main difference between our democracy and those of the free Continental countries.

The British people can tell at a glance, when the election results are announced, who is going to be Prime Minister and, therefore, what sort of government may be expected in the years to come.

The duty of forming a government goes automatically to the leader of the larger of two groups of M.P.s. Except for a few years between the wars, when the Liberal Party was on the way down and the Labour Party on the way up, so that for a while we had a three-party system, this has always been our way of running the government.

But elsewhere an election does not automatically return a government. It may mark only the beginning of an attempt to form a government.

In France, half a dozen major parties and many different men all have ambitions and a say in what is to happen. The poll once over, negotiations start. Every government there is a coalition—which takes time and patience to form.

The clash of interests, the bargaining, the uncertainty, may continue for weeks, and in the end never be satisfactorily resolved.

Alliances are formed and broken overnight. Personalities shoot into prominence and vanish again, baffled and disappointed. After the French general election last summer, politician after politician tried and failed to persuade enough of his rivals to co-operate with him under one parliamentary flag.

Under these conditions too many French governments are born of desperation rather than conviction. To a lesser degree, Italy is affected with the same trouble.

Some of the smaller countries also suffer from a multiplicity of parties, but their politics are less excitable and bulk less largely in ordinary citizens' lives.

LOOKING around the other major countries, we British can be pleased and proud without being smug. Lawyers often say it is important not only that justice should be done, but that it should seem to be done. The same principle is true of politics.

Not only is it important that democracy should work, but it should seem to work. Ours works very well, in spite of its anomalies, its contradictions, its illogicalities which puzzle foreigners. It also *seems* to work.

It is all based on the common sense and goodwill of the ordinary elector. That is why the world is watching us this month.

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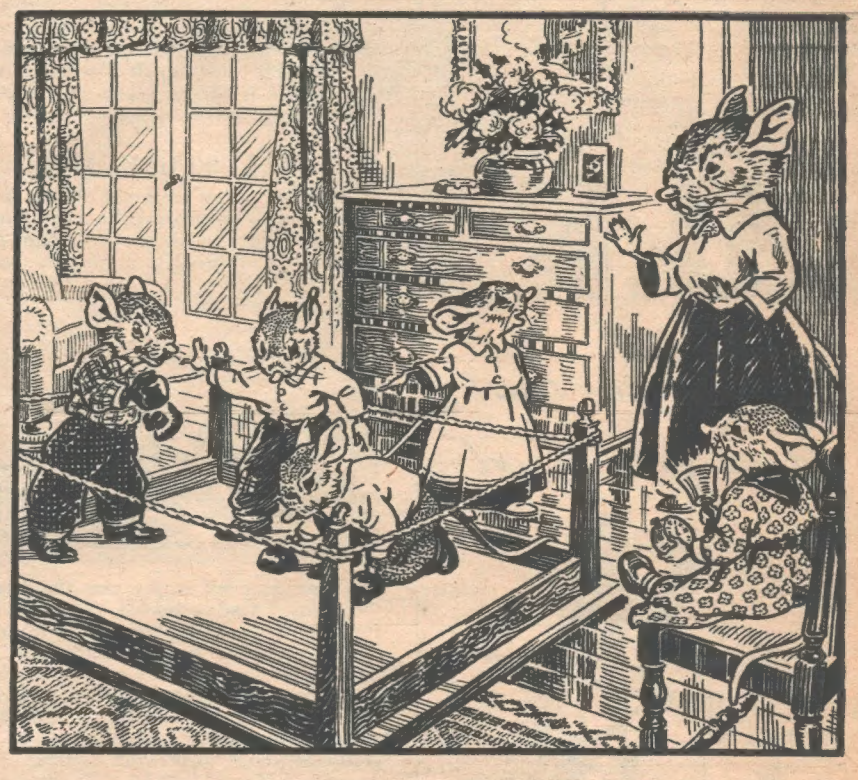

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FREE SPEECH

Policeman's wife speaks out

WHILE I BELIEVE that there is a need for more police, there is something more important to a police force than an adequate intake of recruits—namely, morale. Unless police morale can be raised, increased recruiting will only mean a heavier bill for the ratepayer.

If morale is high men will attempt a task despite the lack of numbers. But if morale is low a force may fail to perform a task seemingly within its powers.

Policemen, too often, are disillusioned and frustrated men who have devoted the best years of their lives to a service which has given them little. They are still working six days a week and are subject to discipline both on and off duty. The majority of them will not be promoted or will be promoted late in their service. Added to all these, and many other grievances, is the housing difficulty. Nothing undermines morale so completely as poor living conditions, and many policemen in my own city are living in bad conditions.

I would urge the Government to think again. A mere £70 a year will not bring the improvement that is sought. The trouble lies much deeper than money. It is in the hearts of men.—POLICEMAN'S WIFE, Glasgow.

£11,000 In Hand

DURING MY STAY IN South Africa last year, on an international hockey tour, I went down a goldmine in Johannesburg in a skip—4,500 feet in two

minutes—and felt in my ears the same "cottony" feeling that A. Trevenning Harris described in his story, "The Flying Horses" (JOHN BULL, September 29). I was also allowed to hold a seventy-pound gold brick, worth £11,000. On the train travelling over the country, I took the enclosed snapshot of the natives at a goldmine, about to perform a tribal war dance. — MISS STELLA ELSWORTH, Vron, Dinas Powis, Glamorgan.

Cutting Power Cuts

HOUSEWIVES ARE URGED to use electricity off peak hours. We live in an all-electric council house, and here are my plans: (1) Mark a calendar in red for "cut" days and in black for "probables" as advertised by the local board, and take these into account when planning visits to relatives (usually once a week); (2) get up a quarter of an hour earlier and light a coal fire; (3) use the mornings for work needing no electric gadgets and use the vacuum cleaner in the early afternoon; (4) turn out the living-room on Saturday morning; (5) wash on Tuesday evening (while my husband is out) and iron the next evening; (6) let the fire out after tea and use a half-bar electric fire; (7) go to bed early and read, using a fifteen-watt lamp; (8) use an oil stove and pressure cooker for dinner and the oven only at weekends.—MRS. D. FLETCHER, 136 North Moor, Huntington, York.

Heroic Merriment

AT A DANCE I sat next to a bright and vivacious girl who, I found, had been born deaf and dumb. With her was a very fit young man, who proudly explained that she was his fiancée. He had learnt sign language to communicate with her, and when I said, "You are a hero," he translated this to his companion. She laughed merrily as she went off with him to dance to a band she could not hear. — MISS KATE STEVENS, 74 Station Road, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Leeds.

Suspicious Parents

SINCE I RECENTLY qualified as a teacher I have tried to put into practice what I learned at college—namely, that the more the teacher knows of his pupils the better. I went to the home of each of my scholars to chat with their parents, meeting with a generally cordial reception. But a few parents were openly suspicious and looked upon me as some new species of Government snooper.—S. JACKSON, 55 Haugh Road, Rawmarsh, Rotherham, Yorks.

Boy Who Was Scared

READING THE POIGNANTLY written story, *Fifth Child* (JOHN BULL, September 29), brought back the worst moments I ever had with my own seven-year-old son. I was telling him about the five evacuees I had had during the war when he asked what had happened to them. I answered casually that they had all gone back where they had come from, and he turned away from me, sobbing bitterly, much as the child in the story, and cried: "And when are you going to send me back?"—MRS. MABEL WATERHOUSE, Half Acre, Castleton Road, Hope, Sheffield.

Growing In Sand

GROWERS ARE USING the "hydroponic" method of growing plants without soil as a commercial proposition. The most practicable method seems to be to use gravel or sand beds, watered or flooded from below with chemical solutions or fed with chemicals and then watered in the usual way. Crops most suited to this type of cultivation appear to be carnations and tomatoes, although many other crops can be grown quite easily.—WILLIAM KEITH TOMPKINSON, 16 Bruin Street, Leicester.

Fines For Non-voters?

CANVASSING DURING THIS ELECTION, I have been appalled to find that so many women say either that they never vote or that they always vote as their husbands tell them. Quite a lot of men also say that they never vote, and I would like to see fines imposed on all those who fail to vote, unless they have good reason. It also seems to me that many are trying to make up their minds without adequate knowledge of what the parties stand for. Could not the main principles of the chief political parties be taught during the final year in our schools?—M. H. P., Birmingham.

Taking Care Of Herself

MY HUSBAND AND I believe in every woman being able to protect herself, so we sent our daughter, aged eleven, to ju-jitsu classes. Soon afterwards, my husband laughingly challenged her to take him on. Without more ado she flung him to the ground and, as he struggled to his feet, managed to get

him on to her back and walk round the garden with him. Now we are wondering whether we have been wise.—MRS. D. M., London, N.W.3.

The Navy Gets An Idea

ERIC BENNETT'S ARTICLE on the Navy and the welcome it gives to ideas from the public (JOHN BULL, September 29) reminded me of the time when I was a civil servant during the late war, working under Lord Cherwell, then scientific adviser to the Government. To him came all kinds of ideas. One (at the time of the magnetic mine, before de-Gaussing had been devised) was that trawlers should net large fish, such as cod, to be fitted with metallic belts and then released over suspected magnetic minefields. — DILLON MACCARTHY, 1 Brigade Street, London, S.E.3.

Strangest Industry

ON HOLIDAY IN THE Orkney Islands, I saw in operation near Scapa Flow what must be one of Britain's strangest industries: the gathering of coral for aquariums. Big quantities of sand were being hauled by grabs into boats in Hoy Sound. The men said this was no ordinary sand, and I could see the multi-coloured sparkle as it was hauled up. —MRS. A. HENGAN, 51 Melville Street, Glasgow.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

EVERY night at 9.53, Chief Warder A. H. Cook sets out with the King's Keys to lock up the Tower of London. "The Ceremony of the Keys," by A. R. Thomson, R.A., shows him at the final stage. The gates have been locked. Mr. Cook, standing before the Guard, doffs his Tudor cap and cries: "God preserve King George"—and as the clock strikes ten, the Last Post is sounded.

Will your HAIR last a lifetime?

Hair that goes from bad to worse—or the refreshing vitality of hair health that lasts a lifetime. Which will be yours?

You can't disguise unhealthy hair—you can't even keep it! Look around you at the men whose hair has begun to thin—badly. Ask them, and you will learn that their hair has always been in poor shape; either dull, scurfy and dead—or over-oiled, lank and lifeless. It can't be said too often that time and money spent on your hair is wasted—unless it brings you fundamental *hair health!*

A surprising truth

When *is* hair healthy? Pause a moment, and try to answer the question yourself. The truth is surprisingly simple—so obvious that most people overlook it, to their cost. *Hair is healthy when it is properly nourished.* Isn't that true of all living matter? Every hair grows from a root embedded in the scalp. To the root tiny blood vessels bring no less than fourteen organic substances vitally necessary for hair health, of which cystine, tryptophan and tyrosine are the most important. Together they constitute the hair's natural food. If these food supplies fail, the hair becomes dull, lifeless and brittle. Finally it begins to fall out. Dead from starvation!

Three common defects

You ask: what is it that cuts short the supply of these substances so vital to hair health? There are three very common causes.

(1) Dandruff may clog the pores of the scalp—the scalp becomes hardened and chokes the delicate blood vessels which nourish the hair roots.

(2) The blood circulation in the scalp may become sluggish.

(3) The blood may not contain sufficient organic substances to meet all the body's needs—so the hair must go undernourished. This often happens at an embarrassingly early age—and has no relation at all to bodily health and vigour.

Almost everybody has one or more of these defects—not everybody has the common sense to face up to them.

What can be done?

What can you do if you suffer from unhealthy hair? A very great deal! Regular use of a good shampoo will clean up the scalp and help to get rid of dandruff. And massage of the scalp with a tonic lotion will work wonders for the circulation. Just try it—you will feel your scalp positively tingling with health.

The importance of Silvikrin

Massage and shampoos, however, can only clear and clean the way to the main problem: *how to nourish the hair roots?* It is here that Silvikrin has made a unique contribution. For Silvikrin is a blend of tryptophan, cystine, tyrosine and the other natural substances vital for hair health. Silvikrin, in fact, is an active equivalent of the hair's natural food, in a form which can be massaged into the scalp. Silvikrin is indispensable to any man or woman seriously determined to have a fine healthy head of hair.

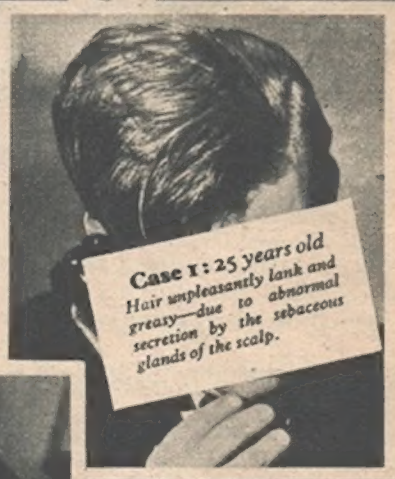
For every need

In its most concentrated form Silvikrin is known as Pure Silvikrin. Patient, persevering use of Pure Silvikrin is essential in all cases of really unhealthy, thinning hair. Many people, of course, do not need Silvikrin in this strength. They have heeded the warning signs early—and can win back to hair health more simply and swiftly. For such people Silvikrin Laboratories have produced a range of products—lotions, shampoos and a hair cream—all containing a proportion of *Pure Silvikrin.* This added Silvikrin not only acts as a corrective and a safeguard, but it also gives to the hair a natural brilliance—as you can quite easily discover for yourself.

Act now!

In the panel below we give the details of a simple, effective system of hair care. Study it well. It will cost you but a few pence each week. But we say, with a full sense of responsibility, that the Silvikrin range, used regularly, encourages abundant hair health that will last a lifetime. Go to-day—NOW—to your hairdresser or chemist—buy the Silvikrin products which meet your need—give them a three-month's trial—and see how the texture, appearance and health of your hair have improved beyond recognition.

THE SIGNS OF NEGLECT



Case 2: 30 years old
Scalp dry and scurfy—hair already receding at the temples. A faulty circulation in the scalp capillaries is to blame.

The Silvikrin range—for abundant hair health!

Pure Silvikrin 12/6. The foundation of the whole Silvikrin method. Essential in cases of severe dandruff or falling hair. Invaluable, too, as an occasional 'boost' for your hair, after illness or a period of lowered vitality.

• • •

Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion and Silvikrin Lotion with Oil *both* 2/9 *and* 4/10 *(for large, economy size).* Perfect tonic dressings for less serious cases. A two-minute massage every morning will tone up the scalp wonderfully—and feed the hair roots. If you are troubled with dry hair, use Silvikrin Lotion with Oil; it grooms the hair at the same time.

• • •

Silvifix 4/6. The hair cream for men who prefer something a little better than the ordinary. Highly concentrated, a very little controls the hair all day—and without gumming or greasiness.

Each Silvikrin Shampoo is perfect of its type and contains *Pure Silvikrin*—a genuine contribution to hair health.

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Silvikrin Liquid Shampoo 1/6 a bottle

and the Superb New Silvikrin Cream Shampoo 1/3 a tube (double quantity 2/-)

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JOHN BULL October 20 1951

Starting the full story of the R.A.F.'s most daring gamble

THE DAM BUSTERS

by PAUL BRICKHILL

It began with a weird idea that was frowned on as just a nuisance. Then Churchill stepped in... and the famous 617 Squadron was off on the war's strangest adventure

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

"I'm not wasting my boys' lives on crazy notions." Harris's voice was like a shock wave

IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM at Grantham, the Honourable Ralph Cochrane was walking Barnes Wallis up and down in front of the big map, trying to comfort him. Wallis, his white hair ruffled and his civilian clothes drab in contrast to the uniforms around him, was like an expectant father, fidgety and jittery; and Cochrane, Air Officer Commanding 5 Group, was talking of anything, anything at all, in an attempt to get Wallis's mind off the raid. But Wallis could think of nothing else. The raid. The new bomb, and the Lancasters that Wing Commander Guy Gibson was now leading over the North Sea—towards Germany and the secret objective.

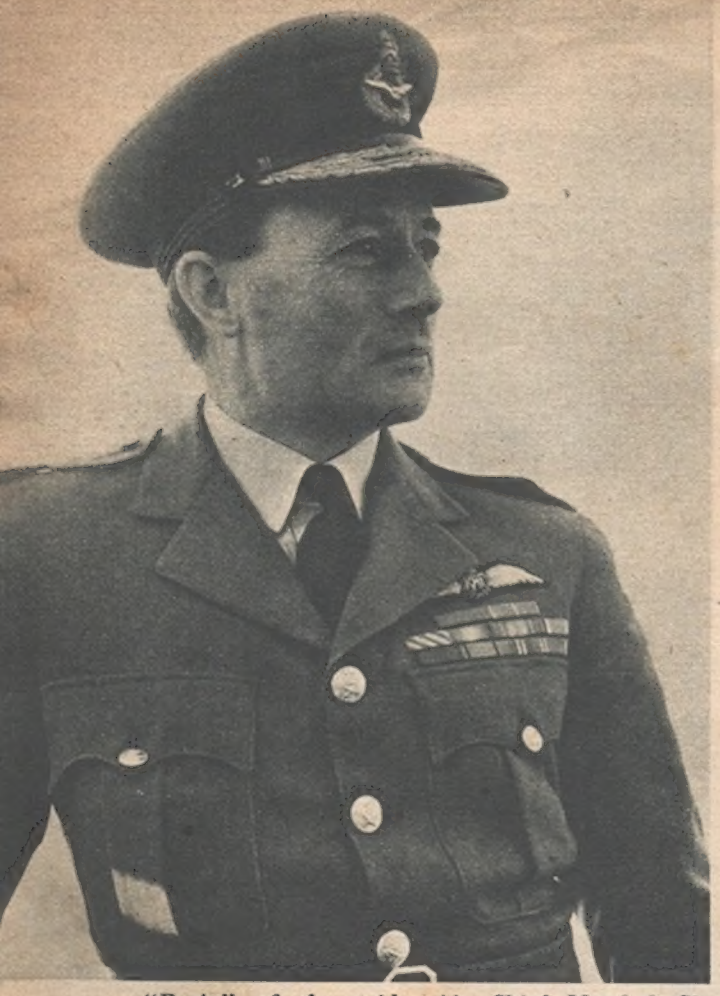
A black Bentley rushed up the gravelled drive outside, pulled up by the door and the sentries snapped rigidly to attention as "Bomber" Harris jumped briskly out—Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, chief of Bomber Command. He came into the ops room. "How's it going, Cocky?"

"All right so far, sir," Cochrane said. "Nothing to report yet."

* * *

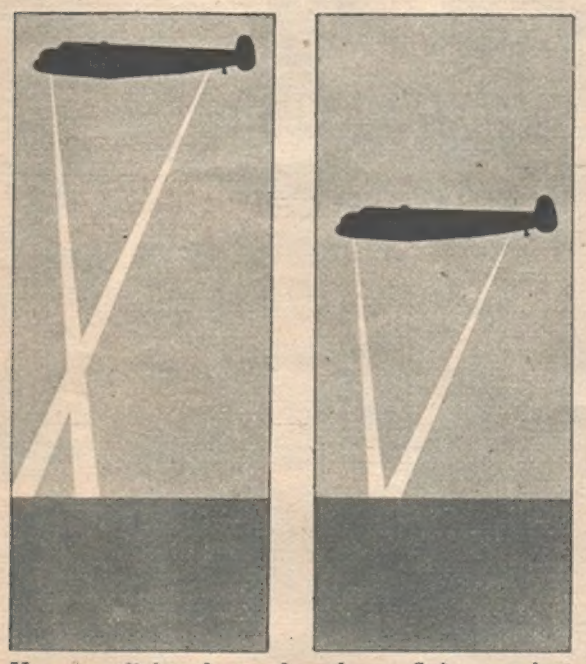
Taerum, the navigator, spoke above the monotonous roar in G for George: "We will be there in exactly forty-seven minutes and thirty seconds. New course, one-o-five magnetic." Guy Gibson swung the Lancaster gently to the left and started the tense business of threading a way low-level across Holland. The eight other Lancasters followed his lead.

A hundred miles north, four others made landfall about the same time, sighting Vlieland and turning south-east to cut across the narrow waist and down over the Zuider Zee. Munro led



"Brain" of the raid: Air Chief Marshal Sir Ralph Cochrane, now R.A.F. second-in-command

Routes of the bombers. Long before the target was reached, the northern wave was wiped out



How spotlights kept the planes flying at just sixty feet. Left: too high. Right: dead right

them over the dark spit and instantly there were flashes below and up came the fiery little balls. W for William shuddered and then they were past. Munro called on the intercom to see if the crew was all right, but the earphones were dead.

Pigeon, the wireless operator, was by his shoulder, shouting in his ear. "No radio. No intercom. Flak smashed it. I think everyone's O.K." Munro flew on several miles trying to fool himself they could carry on, but he knew they could never get bombing instructions now and soon, swearing, he turned for home.

The remaining three were over the Zuider now and the water was flat and dark. Geoff Rice, in H for Harry, slipped down to check height. A hammer seemed to hit the aircraft like a bolt and there was a tearing roar above the engines. Rice dragged her off the water but the belly was torn out of her and the bomb had gone with it. Marvellously, she still flew, and Rice turned her heavily back towards England.

Ten minutes later, the remaining two, Barlow and Byers, crossed to the enemy land again at Harderwijk. Nobody knows how soon the flak came curling up at them again, but there is a report that as Barlow's aircraft hit the ground the bomb went off with a blinding flash, lighting the countryside like a rising sun for ten seconds before it died. It was either then or soon after that Byers and his crew died, too. Nothing more was heard from them.

The northern wave was wiped out.

To the south, Gibson and the others were playing hide-and-seek with the ground, the bomb-aimers calling tense warnings as houses, trees and powerlines rushed at them out of the gloom and the big bombers skimmed over them. B for Bertie veered a little to the south off-track and the others did not even see the flak or fighter, which ever it was, that got him. The leaders slid over the dim mosaic of the fields, across the border into Germany.

Caught By The Lights

The Rhine flashed under them and up from a barge came a thin line of tracer, but they were past before the bullets found them. Two minutes later more guns opened up and this time three searchlights lit on Gibson. Foxlee and Deering were firing at the searchlights; one of them popped out but the other two held and the air was full of tracer. Gibson was nearly blinded by the glare and then he was through and the searchlights caught Martin in P for Popsie. All the turrets were firing now, the big bombers shuddering with the recoil, and then they were through with throttles wide.

Gibson swung them north past Dortmund and around the bomb-blasted marshalling yards of Hamm. Taerum said: "New course, 165 magnetic," and then they were hugging the ground on the last leg, slicing between Soest and Werl. Now the moon was high enough to light the ground and ahead loomed the dark hills that cradled the water. They climbed to the ridge that rimmed the horizon, crossed into the valley and below lay the flat sheet of Moehne Lake. Across the neck of the lake, they could see the dam, a squat rampart hugging the water crowned by two towers. In the moonglow it looked like a battleship, but more impregnable. Reinforced concrete a hundred feet thick.

The dam came suddenly to life, prickling with sharp flashes and the lines of angry red meteors were streaming into the sky and moving about blindly as the flak gunners hosed the area.

"God," Bob Hay said. "Can *we* break that?"

* * *

It had all started nearly four years before, on September 2, 1939, when Barnes Wallis, on holiday in Dorset, finally knew there was going to be war. Wallis was an aircraft designer, a very noted one, though with his woolly white hair and gentle, precise manner he looked more like a clergyman, and the thought of war revolted him. All that day he drove back to Vickers's works, nestled in the banked perimeter of the old motor-racing track at Brooklands, near Weybridge, wondering what he could do to help shorten the war.

In the weeks that followed, while he worked on the design of his new bomber, the thought was never far from his mind. He suspected that bombs and bombers, vintage 1939, could do little damage to Hitler (and, as it turned out, he was right). He knew that the heaviest R.A.F. bombs were only 500-pounders, that they were filled with second-rate explosive and that most of them were old stocks, hoarded from 1919. He knew that bomb-aiming was fairly primitive and that if one did get a direct hit, it was quite likely that the bomb would not go off.

What Would Hurt Hitler Most?

He was aware of the thousands and thousands of factories dispersed all over Germany and knew that Hitler could repair bomb damage to them much faster than the R.A.F. could inflict it. This started him wondering whether there were not some key points of Hitler's war effort that bombs could destroy. He followed the idea back to its logical sources—the sources of power. Physical power. Things like oil wells, coalmines and hydro-electric power—dams.

Smash those and Germany would have no power supplies. Without such power there would be no production, and no transport. No weapons . . . and, therefore, no war.

But Hitler's oilfields were out of range and the coalmines were too deep. He investigated German dams, particularly the massive Moehne, Eder and Sorpe dams in the Ruhr. Smashing those, he discovered, would not only rob the Ruhr arsenal of hydro-electric power, but the floods would wreck roads, canals, bridges and railways and deprive the factories of water.

But the dams were certainly massive. The Moehne itself was 112 feet thick at the base. R.A.F. bombs would not even scratch them. One might as well kick them with bare feet.

All right then, he thought. Bigger bombs!

But that meant bigger aircraft to carry them. Very well then, bigger aircraft.

That was the start of it. For many weeks he studied bombs—and found that the blast of bombs twenty times bigger than existing ones would scarcely scratch the dams. In addition to the blast there were the shock waves from a bomb; such shock waves might vibrate the concrete slightly, but do no worthwhile damage. Shock waves soon dissipated in air; they could only be effective in a more solid medium and you couldn't slice a bomb deep into concrete.

Clue He Had Forgotten

For weeks he stayed in that impasse, vaguely wondering if perhaps a new *type* of bomb might be more effective, but there did not seem to be any solution. Then somewhere in Wallis's brain a little cell awoke and stirred restlessly, an old memory, locked up and almost forgotten.

Waterloo Bridge! Concrete piles being driven into the bed of the Thames! That was years ago. The tops of the piles had kept shattering mysteriously *upwards* after the great drop hammers had slammed down on them. There had been an investigation. He rummaged in his bookcase and soon he came upon the report in a 1935 journal of the Institute of Engineers. The hammers had sent shock waves down the piles and at the bottom the shock waves hit the tight-packed clay and bounced back up to the top of the piles and out into thin air as the hammer bounced off. The effect was a tension after the compression, a sort of crush and stretch, almost in the same moment, at the top of the piles, and they started to break up.

Supposing you could get a good shock wave punch against a dam! You could easily spear a bomb into water, near a dam wall. But there was more to it than this. Supposing, he thought, you could drop a very slim, strong, heavy bomb

Man who began it all: Barnes Wallis at home with his wife. A memory of what happened at Waterloo Bridge gave him the clue to the "earthquake bomb"

Some of the crew of G for George. Left to right: Pulford, Deering, Spafford, Hutchison, Gibson, Taerum

from very high into earth. It might penetrate so deeply that you could almost lock the explosion underground, making a sort of seismic disturbance . . . an earthquake! An earthquake bomb!

The idea shaped in his mind while he was sitting in a deep chair at his home near Effingham, an unspectacular setting for the birth of something so powerful. For several days he scribbled obscure calculations and found that a ten-ton bomb dropped from 40,000 feet could sink 135 feet deep into the earth and cause such a quake that there would not have to be a direct hit to shake things down. In the next weeks he drew up rough plans for a fifty-ton "Victory" bomber to carry it, set out the whole project on paper and sent it to the authorities.

The response was uninspiring. The huge, new four-engined bomber project was getting under way and the authorities, not unreasonably, thought at the time it might be disastrous to dislocate that in favour of a revolutionary and unproved theory. Wallis was getting impatient until, on July 19, 1940, he got an urgent summons to Lord Beaverbrook, then Minister for Aircraft Production.

With "The Beaver" interested, he knew his troubles would be over and it was with a tremor of excitement that he marched into Beaverbrook's office. Before he could say anything, the little man with the wide, mobile mouth barked at him: "Will you go to America to do some research for me?"

Wallis, a little rattled, collected himself. "I'd rather stay here for you, sir."

"What would you do for me here?"

"Build you a ten-ton bomb and a Victory bomber to carry it, sir."

Beaverbrook regarded him dubiously. "Oh, this thing's only a theory, you know. It would take a long time . . . and then it might be a flop."

Wallis vowed that it would not be a flop, but the only thing Beaverbrook wanted from him was some research into pressurized cabins. Wallis explained that he had already done that work, and came away feeling a little crushed.

Then Sir Henry Tizard, of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, heard of the theory. Wallis explained it more fully to him and Sir Henry organized the Air Attack on Dams Committee, which built a model dam about thirty feet long for small-scale experiments.

Wallis exploded small charges in water near the model wall, but though the wall chipped a little, it did not break. He increased the charges until one day a few extra ounces of gelignite sent up a spectacular mushroom of water and the centre of the model dam burst open.

He Seemed To Be Beaten

A few simple calculations produced the amount of explosive which, dropped in the water reasonably near a dam wall (some fifty feet away), would blast a hole in it. It was a dismaying figure—30,000 pounds of a new explosive. About fourteen tons. Add to that a case weighing about fifteen tons—a bomb weighing nearly thirty tons. Even the Victory bomber, still only on paper, would lift no more than a ten-tonner.

It looked as though Wallis was beaten, but still he would not give up.

Supposing, he thought, a bomb could be exploded pressed deep under water against the dam wall. The shock punch would be much greater. The explosive needed would be smaller. So would the bomb casing. But high-level bombing would not be accurate enough, and at low level the bomb would richochet off the water. A torpedo was no good because the dams had torpedo netting in front of them.

He does not remember when the final idea first came to him, born of that last holiday in Dorset when his children had been diving in the sea. Out of that memory the idea grew, such a crazy idea that it took him days to recognize it. He dragged a tub into his garden, filled it with water and, using a rough bit of apparatus he carved out of wood, he started to play children's games, making himself wet but happy, because his weird idea seemed to work.

The Committee was about to vote itself out of existence when he persuaded it to let him try one more experiment with his new idea. They built him one last model dam. Wallis tried exploding small charges pressed under water against the concrete and soon a few ounces of gelignite in a contact explosion blasted a satisfying hole in it. From that he calculated that he would need only 6,000 pounds of explosive to smash the Moehne Dam. With his new idea he could cut the case weight down to a little over 3,000 pounds, making the complete bomb a little over four tons. The new four-engined Lancasters would carry that to the Ruhr easily.

By now it was 1942. (Wallis had only been able to work on his theories in the little time he could spare from designing his bombers.) His spare time during the next few months he spent in the huge ship-testing tanks at Teddington, experimenting till he was sure he could make a four-ton bomb do his freak trick of squeezing itself affectionately under water against a dam wall.

Sir Henry Tizard suggested a further check on the amount of explosive required, and Wallis got permission to try to blow up an old, disused dam in Radnorshire. He lowered a carefully calculated small charge deep into the water by the dam wall. The roar reverberated round the hills, the lake by the dam seemed to rise into the air and abruptly the face of the dam burst and the boiling lake plunged through in a hissing flood. Pink with glee, Wallis saw that there was a ragged hole in the dam fifteen feet across. Armed with his proofs, he confronted the officials again and met a courteous but implacable reluctance to take any positive action.

It was February, 1943, now, and after his years of dogged work Wallis literally groaned with frustration and anger. The time to smash

"I can't say much for your family or your prospects —but I certainly do admire your blind courage"

in Jamaica. There's nothing to tempt the blacks to attack 'em across the marshes. It's south of Samaná Bay that the danger lies. The Dons will have every man that can carry a musket on that side. That's where the cities are—and where this fellow Toussaint, or whatever his name is, will be threatening 'em, sir."

The last sentence of this argument came as a fortunate afterthought; Hornblower clearly was restraining himself from pointing out the obvious too didactically to his superior officer. And Bush could see Buckland squirm in discomfort at this casual mention of blacks and French. Those secret orders must lay down some drastic instructions regarding the complicated political situation in Santo Domingo, where the revolted slaves, the French, and the Spaniards (nominal allies though these last might be, elsewhere in the world) all contended for the mastery.

"We'll leave the blacks and the French out of this," said Buckland, confirming Bush's suspicions.

"Yes, sir. But the Dons won't," said Hornblower, not very abashed. "They're more afraid of the blacks than of us at present."

"So you think this attack might succeed?" asked Buckland, desperately changing the subject.

"I think it might, sir. But time's getting on."

BUCKLAND sat looking at his two juniors in painful indecision, and Bush felt full sympathy for him. A second bloody repulse—possibly something even worse, the cutting-off and capitulation of the entire landing party—would be Buckland's certain ruin.

"With the fort in our hands, sir," said Hornblower, "we can deal with the privateers up the bay. They could never use it as an anchorage again."

"That's true," agreed Buckland. It would be a neat and economical fulfilment of his orders; it would restore his credit. "Damn it," he said with sudden reckless decision. "Let's do it."

"Very good, sir," said Hornblower.

Although this decision had been reached, there was another one, almost equally important, which had to be reached at once.

"Who will be in command?" asked Buckland. It could only be a rhetorical question; nobody except Buckland could possibly supply the answer, and to Bush and Hornblower this was obvious. They could only wait.

"It'd be poor Roberts's duty if he had lived," said Buckland, and then he turned to look at Bush.

"Mr. Bush, you will take command."

"Aye, aye, sir." Bush got up from his chair and stood with his head bowed uneasily under the deck timbers above.

"Who do you want to take with you?"

Hornblower had been on his feet during the whole interview; now he shifted his weight self-consciously from one foot to the other.

"Do you require me any more, sir?" he said to Buckland.

Bush could not tell by looking at him what emotions were at work in him; he had the pose merely of a respectful, attentive officer. Bush thought about Smith, the remaining lieutenant in the ship. He thought about Whiting, the captain of the marines, who would certainly have to take part in the landing. There were midshipmen and master's mates to be used as subordinate officers. He was going to be responsible for a risky and desperate operation of war—now it was his own credit, as well as Buckland's, that was at stake. Whom did he want at his side at this, one of the most important moments in his career? Another lieutenant, if he asked for one, would be second in command, might expect to have a voice in the decisions to be made.

"Do we need Mr. Hornblower any more, Mr. Bush?" asked Buckland.

Hornblower would be an active subordinate in command. He would be apt to criticize, in thought, at least. Bush did not think he cared to exercise command with Hornblower listening to his every order.

He decided he needed neither Hornblower nor Smith at the moment before he looked again at Hornblower's face. Hornblower was trying to remain impassive; but Bush could see, with sympathetic insight, how desperately anxious he was to be invited to join in the expedition. Any officer would want to go, of course, would yearn to be given an opportunity to distinguish himself, but actuating Hornblower was some motive more urgent than this.

It was not cool judgment that finally brought Bush to his decision, but something quite otherwise. It might be called kindliness; it might be called affection. He had grown fond of this volatile, versatile young man, and he had no doubts now as to his physical courage.

"I'd like Mr. Hornblower to come with me, sir," he said.

And as he spoke he received a

Ships sail East and ships sail West,
With the self-same winds that blow.
It's the set of the sail, not the gale,
That determines the way they go.

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Pete and the great magic

by ***POWELL SMILY***

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

He'd just come home from one war—and stepped right into another. But this time a pretty girl was involved

WHEN SIMON PETER STOQUA left the Skeena tribe's village of Kispiox, in the British Columbia interior, to join the Canadian Army, he was wearing buckskin breeches, shirt and moccasins, and paddling the birchbark canoe which he had made himself.

When he returned, six years later—after having been on the warpath in Italy, France and Germany—he was wearing battledress and driving a second-hand roadster which he had bought with the proceeds of several hundred poker games. His tunic was decorated with sergeant's stripes, campaign ribbons and the bit of red-white-and-blue cloth that identifies the holder of the Military Medal.

Pete hoped he would find old Chief Elija Stoqua still squatting patiently beside the river in Kispiox, his pipe smoking comfortably, his spear ready beside him. The spear was for Sanoose, the giant trout he had been trying to catch for years.

When you get to be eighty-four years old, Pete thought, you need a friend you can fight with once in a while, and Sanoose the trout was Elija's sparring partner. He half suspected that the chief didn't really want to catch the fish, that he purposely missed it with his spear on the infrequent occasions when Sanoose came within range of a thrust. A very old trout and a very old man living out their years together.

The car rounded a bend in the river and there it was, Kispiox, where the road faltered and vanished into the forest. There was the little grove of totem poles in front of the village's shacks. There were the fish houses, and the remains of the old bridge, burned in half three decades before, and, on the hill above the village, the graveyard, the close-crowded "dead houses" where three generations of Skeenas had jumped off for the Happy Hunting Ground.

There was only one person to be seen in Kispiox, an old man sitting on his heels by the edge of the river. He was wearing a buckskin shirt, old trousers and moccasins. As Pete got out of the car and approached the river, he caught the reflection of the sun from the other's gold-rimmed spectacles. It was Chief Elija Stoqua.

"Good afternoon, Grandfather," said Pete, formally, speaking in Skeena. "Has Waconda kept you in good health during my absence?"

The old chief looked up, squinting a bit

She held out her hand and spoke in English. "Welcome home," she said. "Was it a good war?"

through his glasses. "It is you, Simon Peter. You have returned then. Did you make war against the White Father's enemies?"

"We did indeed, Grandfather. We made a mighty war, and defeated his enemies. In fact," added Pete in English, "we chased them the hell all over Europe."

"It is good. Perhaps the White Father will now build us a new bridge over the river. The women cannot cross to the berry fields any more unless they are paddled to the other side."

"That must be hard on the men, Grandfather," said Pete, with a grin. "But tell me of yourself. Have you caught Sanoose yet?"

The old chief's crumpled-leather face was split by a happy smile and the tired eyes glowed contentedly. "No, my son, I have not caught the demon-ridden sly one yet, although not two days ago I grazed him with my spear. He has taken refuge at the bottom of the channel, by the ruins of the bridge, and comes out only when he thinks I have suspended my vigil."

"Why do you not try using a rod and one of the white man's lures?" asked Pete, laughing to himself.

The smile left the chief's face. "When I fish," he said sternly, "I use my spear, as Skeenas have done for more years than the white man has been in these mountains."

Pete turned to take a look at the village, and was just in time to see a tall, slender girl with plaited black hair step out of one of the shacks. She walked down the dusty street with long, lithe strides and disappeared into the trees beyond the last totem pole.

Pete turned casually back to the old chief. "What is the news of the village, Grandfather? Have some new families moved in? I saw a maiden just now whom I did not recognize."

"You are probably referring to Waconita Malth," the chief replied, without looking up, "since she is to my certain knowledge the only maiden in Kispiox worth a second look from a warrior such as yourself. She was—let me see—eleven years old when you went away. Since then she has been to school in Hazleton."

The old man suddenly stood up. "My son, I do not wish to burden you with your people's troubles the first day of your return, but you will, after all, some day be chieftain here."

"What is wrong, Grandfather?"

"Waconita met a young man while she was at school. She now wishes to marry him. His name is Alexander Quanticoot."

"And what is there against this young man, Grandfather?"

"He is a Babine."

Pete grunted. After a while he said: "I understand perfectly, Grandfather. You wish me to speak to this maiden?"

"Yes, my son. Perhaps she will listen to you. When I talk to her she only laughs."

"I will speak to her, Grandfather."

SIMON PETER STOQUA went up to his grandfather's shack and changed from battledress to buckskin.

He stepped out of the shack directly into the path of Waconita Malth, returning from the woods.

"Welcome home," she said, holding out her hand, and speaking in English. "Was it a good war?"

"Pretty good, except for the bad spots." Pete noted that she shook hands firmly. "You're Waconita, aren't you?"

"That's right," she nodded. "I was too young for you to notice before you went away."

"You're not now," Peter said. "In fact, if I ever go to war again I'll make the general let me take you along."

Waconita laughed. "You must have had an agreeable general. But I'd better warn you, if you want to fix anything like that, you'll have to ask Alexander."

"Is that the steady boy friend?"

"That's who it is," Waconita said. "He's the best trapper, the best hunter, the best canoeist and the best dancer in the whole district. He'll be back from Hazleton tomorrow—he's been taking a load of furs in—and you can meet him."

"I'd like to, very much," Pete said, "but I don't think you'd be wise to marry him, as I hear you wish to. Chief Elija wouldn't take kindly to a Skeena girl marrying a Babine."

"Oh, nonsense! The chief is still living in the nineteenth century. He doesn't realize that feuds are out of style."

"There's no reason why a Skeena should like or trust a Babine, you know," said Pete, a trifle pontifically.

"I know all about that massacre," said Waconita impatiently. "A rockslide blocked the canyon at Hagwilget and stopped the salmon from going upstream to spawn. The Babines thought our people had stopped them from getting their autumn supply of fish, and they came

"How can I undo this wrong?" he pleaded. As if in answer, Alexander appeared behind him

down on the warpath. So what? Everybody was on the warpath about something in those days. It was our national sport."

"Yes, but what you don't seem to realize is that the survivors of that raid came out here and founded this village. The name tells the story, doesn't it? Kispiox, 'The Town of the People Who Hid.'"

The girl was silent.

"My grandfather was the man who led the Skeena survivors into the wilderness. It was a great blow to his pride, and he's never got over it. You've got to understand that."

"I understand you," said Waconita, "but you don't understand me. I don't suppose you will understand me until you meet Alexander. Let's talk about it again after you have."

"All right," said Pete, shortly, and turned away. He was annoyed. He hadn't made much of a success of persuading the girl to change her mind, and his self-respect was ruffled. Who was this Quanticoot, the best Indian in the country? Six years ago, Pete told himself, I was the best, and, by jiminy, I still am! Imagine some half-baked Babine coming down here and trying to tell a Skeena something! I'll bet this Alexander wouldn't know a Sten gun from a crankshaft. Well, I'll show him a couple of tricks.

He walked down to his car, unloaded two army packs from it and carried them back to his grandfather's shack. From one pack he took a bed-roll, which he spread on the floor; some underwear, shirts, socks and a pair of boots. From the other, he pulled out a Mauser pistol, a German helmet, a sapper's kit of fuse, detonator and explosive, and five bottles of Calvados. Opening one of the bottles, he took a long pull, shuddered, and recorked it. Then he replaced the contents of the second pack, and went out to be welcomed by the village.

Apparently Chief Elija had sent the word around while Pete was talking to Waconita, for everyone was outside, chattering. Chief Elija made a speech, to the effect that there would be an appropriate ceremony in the tribal hall the following day, to be followed by a feast.

THE ceremony took place the next afternoon. The hall was filled with the men of the tribe—no women were allowed to attend such a solemn rite. Chief Elija and Pete sat in front, on a platform made of newly cut logs. The chief was wearing his ceremonial head-dress of tanned deer hide. On the front was the face of a devil, from which hung otters' tails and porcupine quills. Draped from the chief's waist was a skirt of mountain sheepskin, covered with multi-coloured beadwork and rattling bears' claws. He made a long speech, and other elders of the tribe made long speeches, and then, from a magnificently carved box, Chief Elija took out two handfuls of white eagle feathers and let them flutter on Pete's head.

"You are welcome to fish and hunt over all the lands of my tribe," he said. "You left us, and we thought we might never see you again, but now you have returned. May your days with us be many."

Simon Peter Stoqua, heir-apparent to the chieftainship of the tribe, rose and saluted first his grandfather and then the gathering with the palm-out Indian gesture.

"I am happy to return to the place of my birth," he said solemnly, "and I am doubly happy to know that my return is welcome to you. You have shown me great honour, and to express my thanks I have prepared a surprise. If you will all step outside, I will show you a great magic."

As the men of the tribe shuffled out of the hall, Pete asked Chief Elija, "Was Alexander Quanticoot here? I heard that he had arrived just before the ceremony started."

"Would a Babine be permitted to attend a Skeena ceremony?" the chief demanded. "No, he was not in the hall, but he is waiting outside. You can see him there, through the doorway. He is the tall one with the rifle."

Pete looked, and saw a young giant—well over six feet, broad-shouldered, with powerful arms and legs. He was young, not more than twenty, Pete estimated, but already he was an outstanding man.

He looks quite a guy, at that, Pete admitted to himself, but wait till he sees what I've cooked up. I'll show him there are more things than skinning a muskrat.

Pete walked out of the hall and led the way to the edge of the river. His demolition plunger-box rested in the long grass, concealed from view, its wire running along to the piles which supported the ruins of the bridge.

"I have learned how to make the white man's magic," Pete said to the tribe, gathered around him in silence. "I do not like that old bridge. It is of no use to us any more, and it is ugly. Therefore, I will destroy it."

He pointed a forefinger at the bridge, and at the same time stepped on the hidden plunger. There was a sharp explosion, and the remains of the bridge toppled slowly into the river.

Naturally, the thing was a great sensation. Some of the Skeena women ran for the shacks, one or two children began to cry, but most of the tribe stood awestruck. Then a murmur began among them, rose to a shout and died away. When Pete turned to walk back to his grandfather's

Continued on page 25

Chaperoning Charley's Aunt *by IAN BEVAN*

Owners of the world's most profitable play, the Brandon-Thomas family protect it ruthlessly from distortion by pirates. Even the "aunt's" silk petticoat has a clause in the contract

ONCE, THE B.B.C. PREPARED a radio version of Brandon Thomas's fifty-nine year old farce, *Charley's Aunt*. In writing to the author's widow for permission to broadcast it, they mentioned that "the play has been entirely re-written for broadcasting." "I was under the impression," she replied acidly, "that it had already been written satisfactorily by my husband." Permission was refused.

Academic authorities on the drama admit that *Charley's Aunt* is a perfect example of comic construction. The laughs come inevitably from the situations; the characters are actor-proof; the whole thing is essentially funny without being improper. But there have been other cleverly written plays which have not brought in a fraction of the *Aunt's* revenue.

Here is where the hard heads look for some further explanation, and come up with the answer: astute management. No performance can take place without a licence; no licence is issued without careful consideration. *Charley's Aunt* is a play about chaperones, but few girls have been more closely supervised, or more carefully restricted in the company they keep, than this play. And the result is that *Charley's Aunt* is probably the most profitable single literary work ever written.

Every Night Since 1892

In the British Isles it has been performed in some city, town or hamlet every week-night since it was first produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1892. Treasury officials have recognized it as a valuable export and have twice given dollar allowances to Jevan Brandon-Thomas, the author's son, so that he could supervise its exploitation in the United States. It has been broadcast and televised, turned into a musical comedy, and used as the basis for a series of foreign-language textbooks. "No doubt, some day," says Brandon-Thomas, "it will be made into an opera."

Ray Bolger, the American dancer, is at present working in England on the fifth film version. A Danish company has just finished a two years' run. It is one of the few Western plays on which the Iron Curtain has been raised in Poland and Czechoslovakia. A concert party for Korean troops is rehearsing it in Tokio. In fact, thirty-seven years after the author's death, the play has never been more popular.

The zealous guardianship which the Brandon-Thomas company exercises over the play has two aims. The first is to see that every performance contributes its fair share to the copyright holders; the second, to see that the public appeal of the play is not destroyed by inept or distorted presentations. The author spent £1,000 a year in his battle against pirate producers, and his family has kept up the fight ever since.

When a Swedish film producer started work on an unauthorized version, the family went to court with a battery of legal talent. It cost them £1,800 for a day and a half's litigation, and the producer went bankrupt the day after costs were awarded against him—but the film was stopped.

For the first fourteen years, the play was leased to W. S. Penley, the famous comedian for whom it was written and who starred in the original production. Since then it has been controlled exclusively by the Brandon-Thomas family, which has employed private detectives to outwit the pirates, and has laid down directions which must be followed by everyone from top-ranking professionals to village amateurs.

At Elstree the fifth film version of *Charley's Aunt* is being made. Ray Bolger sits with Mary Germaine on his lap and chats to Jevan Brandon-Thomas, the author's son

Clauses in every contract insist that the play is done in the period of 1892, and that there is "no vulgarity of scene or gesture." Although they avoid any restrictions which would destroy an actor's individuality, or turn the play into a museum-piece, the Brandon-Thomases are so convinced that the value of the *Aunt* is in the script as their father wrote it that they forbid any alterations.

Author's Strict Orders

The counterfeit "aunt" must wear a light brown wig parted in the centre, a bonnet of black lace with red roses, black silk mittens, white lace fichu, lace collars and cuffs three inches deep, a large cameo brooch, and a dress of stiff black satin—with a flat pleated bodice set into a three-inch waistband—over a black moiré silk petticoat. This was the costume worn by Penley, and woe betide a comedian who departs from it by so much as a lace cuff.

One of the author's strictest instructions was that the man playing the aunt should "walk, talk and move like a man." He laid it down that there must be "no effeminate, female impersonation business." He was equally strict in his directions about minor characters. Of the pretty orphan, Ela Delahay, he said: "This part should not be played either sloppily or sentimentally"; of the irate solicitor, Stephen Spettigue, "not to be burlesqued"; of the real aunt from Brazil, Donna Lucia, "on no account sentimental." Other authors, from Shakespeare to Terence Rattigan, have ventured opinions on how their characters should be played, but producers have never hesitated to disregard them when they thought fit. If a producer is caught doing it with *Charley's Aunt*, his licence for the performance is liable to be revoked.

"We have to be ruthless," says Jevan Brandon-Thomas, "because we are protecting a unique and very valuable piece of property." With his two sisters, Amy and Silvia, he holds the copyright on trust from his mother, who inherited it when her husband died in 1914. By law, it expires in 1964, when anyone will be free to do the play in any style he likes. "It is horrible to contemplate," says Brandon-Thomas.

Between the two world wars, the Brandon-Thomases permitted relaxations in fashions and mannerisms to bring the show up to date. Then, at a postwar conference, they decided that

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Laughing and skipping, with the tall boy prancing at their head, the children led the band through the streets. The town began to wake up

HERE COMES THE BAND

World Project Story from Ireland

by WALTER MACKEN

THE BAND SWUNG FROM the big square of the town into the mouth of the street, the tall buildings taking the shocking impact of sound, leaning away from it, and deflecting it into the blue sky.

It was a warm, somnolent day and, save for the listless, spread-eagled dogs, the street was almost deserted. A few bored-looking shop assistants stood in their doorways with folded arms.

The band played energetically. Even foreigners would have to admit that they had great verve and marched in time, and, like all amateurs, they loved their work. As you stood and listened, little chills ran up your spine and you thought: Ah, they are great lads, so they are! A credit to the town, they are! And you would purse your lips and emit a resounding razzberry or shout an insult to cover the fact that you were becoming emotional.

The kids of the town absolutely adored the band, every blow and puff and suck of it. All they wanted was the hint of sweet music merged with a strong cacophony of sound and they would flock.

They flocked now!

Like rabbits from burrows they came, a thousand children, pushing and shoving and screeching and dancing. They fell on the band like bombs, causing confusion for a time. The kettle drummer falling on his instrument and cursing loudly. The trombone player hitting a small skull with the pull out. The big-drummer kicking a howling mongrel in the belly. Many things like that. But order was restored when the leader came from the front and knocked dust from a few backsides with his long and gaily decorated baton.

In order, then, once more, the band proceeded down the winding street, garlanded and almost smothered in children, who took long steps and marched and chattered and sang, their faces red and shining and their hearts pumping fast with excitement.

The head of the procession was shortly taken by a tallish, well-built youth who strutted ahead, swinging an imaginary baton, his body forming an arc as he pushed out his chest. His hair was of an indeterminate colour because it had been clipped almost to the bone by his father; none of it remaining after the hygienic scalping except a forelock that flapped to his antics. His shirt was in its first day and hence clean, and the trousers, held up by a length of twine, were hard-wearing everywhere but at the back, where his shirt tail had worn its way through. His exposed parts were burned nut-brown by the sun, and you knew his name was Mico because on all sides of him were admiring youngsters, encouraging him in his gyrations, shouting: "Ah, jay, Mico! Mico is gass, isn't he? Look 't um!" Mico expanded in it.

The band leader made a few ineffective attempts to dislodge his usurper, but in vain. Mico was fleet of foot and always returned. So they passed from one winding street of tall houses to another winding street of not-so-tall houses, and the drum boomed, fingers fiddled and lungs blew. A brave sight it was, and the noise woke the old town from summer somnolence.

"Dum, dum, dum, dum, dum-ditty-dee, dum-dum," cried the band, swinging into the introductory phrase of the well-known march. The kids instinctively waited for the correct beat and then they roared, parodying the heart-breaking melody:

"Oh, all of a sudden
A lump 'f black pudden came floating through the air!"

And they danced as they sang, hopping on their brown legs and tripping over mongrels.

On either side, this street was bounded by two-storey half-bricked houses with their door-steps leading straight on to the narrow paths

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

He couldn't follow it now like the others. That was the first blow. Something else worried him more . . .

flanking the macadam. They were nice houses and you knew from the appearance of them that their owners were poor and maybe honest, but clean in the main because the curtains behind the window panes were of white starched lace shown off by a bowl of the inevitable geraniums.

Half way up a side street, as the band passed, was the figure of a small boy, an apple in his hand, watching remotely. His hair was red and his eyes were blue and his face was very pale and thin. The shoulders in the red gansey were narrow and were flanked by thin arms. It was only when your eyes travelled down that you noticed the heavy bandage where the kneecap should have been and the steel brace with the bright new straps. You understood then, perhaps, why he was so thin and looked so pale.

It was one of Mico's junior satellites who drew his attention to the figure in the street, just before the band had passed by the opening.

"Mico! Mico!" he screamed. "It's Joe! Lookit Joe! He's out! They musta let'm out!"

MICO screwed his head to take a look, spotted the figure of Joe and then left the procession with a leap.

"Hey, fellas," he roared, "it's Joe! Joe's back!" and he dived into the throng, promptly followed by seven or eight of his fellows. The band watched their departures with relief showing in the whites of their eyes, and, as they passed on, you could almost hear a sigh of relief being squeezed from the instruments.

Joe, his eyes shining a little, was soon surrounded by boys. All talking at once they were: "Jay, Joe, what did they do t' y'? Whin did they let y' out? Look at the yoke on the leg! Jay, isn't it a wonder?"

Joe felt good. It seemed a long time ago that he had gone to hospital. It was only six months, but it was like as many years. He had been leader of them then, with Mico as his deputy. Now Mico was the big noise. But Joe didn't mind. Just to be out again. To see them. Their faces excited with seeing him.

He walked about a bit to show them how the brace worked.

"Jay" and "Jayney" and more colourful words issued from them in a splurge of admiration and envy. "Jayney, isn't it well for you, Joe? None at all of the fellas this side of the town has a brace. Have you no knee at all, Joe?"

"No," said Joe proudly. "They cut off me knee altogether."

"Jaykers!" they chorused again.

"Walk about a bit more so we can see it workin', Joe," suggested Mico.

So Joe took a few steps, having to lift the brace a little in the air and swing it in a circle to get his bad leg ahead of the other. They were thrilled with this and proceeded to imitate him, stiffening one leg at the knee and swinging it in a semicircle.

But Joe suddenly felt very tired and the sweat which broke out on his forehead was cold, so he stretched his bad leg in front of him and sat on the edge of the hot concrete path. They squatted around him and plied him with questions. Was it bad having his knee cut off? No, it wasn't, because they put a yoke over your kisser and you breathe in and you go to sleep and when you wake up the job's done, and there y'are. After, it's a bit sore. But there's eggs and milk every day and a sweet after dinner. Jay, imagine that! Apples and oranges every day nearly, and fellas in the ward with him that made him presents of this and that, sweets and chocolate, and things. Oh, terrifico! Jay, they wished they had to go to hospital and get their knees cut off and get a sweet after dinner and all.

Joe felt very good. He hadn't been expecting this at all. He half expected to be a bit jeered at, as a sort of unfit person who was defective in the body. He knew from experience in this neighbourhood what it meant to have weak eyes, say. "Four-eyes," you were called, and they would pinch your steel-framed glasses and jeer at your fumbling round to find them, and when they had reduced you to weak tears you would get them back again; and if your legs were defective you would be called "Hoppity." Now here he was, his fears laid at rest, the hero of the hour, and the fellas practically jealous of the evil that had befallen him.

Half an hour at least they were sitting there, closely questioning him and exclaiming, telling him the news of things they had done since he went away; and then faintly in the distance could be heard the sound of the band returning from the parade.

It was little Snitch who was the first to notice it.

"Whist, lads," said he, stopping the talk. "Is that the band comin' back again?"

They listened.

"That's it, all right," said Pakey.

"Are they goin' t' come back the same way?" Yank asked.

"Sure," said Mico, "they always do. Don't they, Joe?"

"They always did," said Joe, picturing to himself hearing the band at home when he might be sitting down to his tea, maybe, stuffing bread and jam into his mouth, and he would swallow off the scalding tea, his mother berating him and saying: "Time enough, time enough; you'll be out to see the damn band. Eat your bread slow! Drink your tea slow! You'll end up with a bad stomach like your father, so you will!" But he wouldn't have the patience to finish anything. He'd be out the door and flying down the street, twisting around the corner, chewing the last bit, and out of the other houses the other kids would come, stuffing their mouths, shouting: "Hi, Joe, wait for me, Joe, wait for me!" But Joe couldn't wait. He was very fleet and he'd always be the first to join the band or watch a dog fight or a man fight.

A RESTLESSNESS came over the boys as the strains of the band became louder and louder. Joe could feel it and he could feel his own heart thumping. They all rose to their feet and instinctively turned their heads towards the end of the street where at any moment the band would appear. Then Snitch started running without a word. You couldn't blame Snitch in a way. He was so small that he had to have a good head start of the others if he wanted to end up anywhere near them.

"After'm, fellas!" roared Padneen, taking the lead.

The others whooped and chased after Padneen. All except Mico.

"Hey, what about Joe?" Mico yelled after them.

They paid not the least attention.

Mico looked at Joe. "Come on, Joe, run!" he said.

"All right, Mico," said Joe, lifting his braced leg and swinging it in a semicircle. He hopped a few steps at a fast pace. Mico, ahead of him, half turned, running sideways, looking back at him. Joe halted. He felt his heart thumping and he knew his face was paler.

"Run, Joe, run!" said Mico more urgently, sensing the imminent appearance of the band.

"All right, Mico," said Joe, starting up again. A few steps at a fast pace.

"That's it, Joe," Mico encouraged him. "Faster! Faster!"

Joe stopped, and there was appeal in his eyes as he looked at Mico. "I can't, Mico," said Joe. "I can't run."

"You can, of course," said Mico, still moving away, turning his head to see how close the band might be. "Come on, Joe, you can do it, so you can!"

Joe just stood there in the centre of the road and shook his head.

"Ah, come on, Joe, for God's sake!" said Mico impatiently. The head of the band parade was already appearing round the corner. He gave Joe a last look. "Are y' comin', Joe?" he asked, and then he turned his head away finally and bolted down the street.

Joe watched Mico's back becoming smaller and smaller. He saw the other kids blocking the mouth of the street, and the sun reflecting blindingly from the polished instruments. He saw the tall figure of Mico pressing and pushing until he had reached the head of the procession, where he arched his body and swung an imaginary baton.

The noise and the hoots and the cheers and the singing passed by and left only the echo behind them.

Joe stood there a little longer and then he sat painfully on the path. He was alone. He couldn't check the hotness behind his eyes, the empty feeling in his wasted body. He pressed the palms of his hands against the sun-heated pavement and he prayed desperately. Very deep inside himself, with his eyes tight shut, he prayed: "Please, Jesus Christ, don't let them call me Hoppity. Please don't let them call me Hoppity." THE END

They'd all gone now, even Mico. Joe waited in the side street, hearing only the echo

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I was a Communist candidate

by FRED DOUGLAS

In election after election, our tactics were to defame and disrupt. We were out to "get" democracy itself. And it took me a quarter of a century of active work as a Communist to realize it

ON A SEPTEMBER DAY in 1922, I packed my suitcase and went north from my native Edinburgh to do a job. I was around nineteen, already a seasoned agitator, leader of the Scottish section of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement, and a foundation member of the British Communist Party. My job was to help in smearing Winston Churchill, who was standing as a candidate at Dundee in the General Election.

We covered the Dundee hoardings with posters depicting Churchill as an ugly octopus. (Twenty years later, as propaganda chief for the Communist Party in Scotland, I was ordering artists to put Churchill on our posters again—but this time looking human and almost cherubic, side by side with a stern Stalin.) We produced a full-size printed broadsheet, the *Churchill Special*, which purported to outline all the incidents of his colourful career. Mainly we fastened on the bombardment of the barricaded anarchists in Sidney Street in 1911, the toll at Gallipoli and the unpopular British intervention at Archangel, to exhibit him as the arch-warmonger, always in glee when the guns went off.

We kindled a frenzy of hostility among those whom we could influence at factory meetings and among the unemployed, and there were disturbances at the Conservative meetings. Churchill was sensationally defeated by the Independent, E. Scrymgeour, who benefited from our tactics.

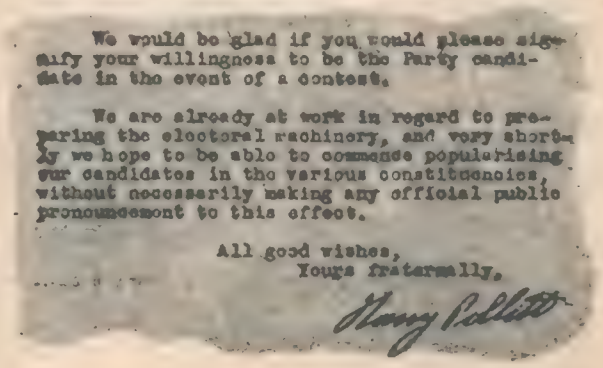
Rehearsal In Germany

Nine years later, I stood as a candidate myself—in the election of 1931. I had to some extent already rehearsed my election rôle in Germany. With letters of introduction from J. T. Murphy, then British Communist Party propaganda chief, to Ernst Thaelmann, the leader of the German Communist Party, I had arrived at the collossal Karl Liebknecht House in the Bulow Platz in Berlin and from there I was launched into a five-week German election campaign, with monster rallies in Berlin itself and military style marches in Saxony.

I spoke along with Pieck and Ulbricht, whom the Russians have now installed as the rulers of Eastern Germany. My eloquence was joined with theirs to denounce the democracy of the German Weimar Republic and to charge the German equivalent of the Labour Party with every brand of base treachery.

And when I returned to Central Edinburgh, the campaign I conducted in the three-cornered election was directed, not against the Conservatives, but against the Socialist candidate. It did not look as menacing as the German Communist campaigns—but it had the same aim.

It had its prelude in an agitation that I led to secure the release from prison of John Gollan, now Pollitt's understudy but then a twenty-year-old apprentice decorator. Gollan had been convicted for distributing the Party's underground *Soldier's Voice* to members of His Majesty's



We would be glad if you would please signify your willingness to be the Party candidate in the event of a contest.

We are already at work in regard to preparing the electoral machinery, and very shortly we hope to be able to commence popularising our candidates in the various constituencies, without necessarily making any official public pronouncement to this effect.

All good wishes,
Yours fraternally,
Harry Pollitt

In this letter, Harry Pollitt invited Fred Douglas (left) to stand as a Communist candidate in the 1945 Election. It was in the middle of the campaign that Douglas, who was a foundation member, resigned from the Party. He now lives quietly in Edinburgh

A British Communist rally in 1950, when the Party put up a hundred candidates at the General Election. John Gollan, now Harry Pollitt's understudy, is at the microphone. On his right is Pollitt, standing next to William Gallacher, with J. R. Campbell, editor of the *Daily Worker*, on the left

Forces not far from Princes Street. We tried by demonstration to bring pressure on the authorities to reverse the conviction, and there was a baton charge when I was on the doorstep of the Lord Advocate's house.

Election meetings were of minor importance in my plan of campaign. The highlights were monster demonstrations, led by myself as the candidate, to the City Chambers to protest against the Means Test. (Shortly after the election I crowned this mass agitation with an unemployed rally to break the two minutes' silence as an anti-Means Test gesture. The police broke up the meeting and I was arrested.)

All the feeling worked up against the raw deal for the unemployed was justifiable. But the exploitation of the unemployed had only one aim. Stalin had imbued all the Communist parties with the delusion that a second round of the world revolution was beginning. Therefore democracy and Labour had to be discredited. In Britain, Harry Pollitt had set the tune for this by an election address at Seaham Harbour, denouncing Parliament as a mere talking shop.

My Socialist opponent was that quiet, capable and gracious man, the late Willie Graham, Labour's financial expert. I turned all my vituperation against him at my own meetings and at the three-cornered election debate arranged by our Unemployed Movement.

In contrast with Graham, who was human, I do not like the look of myself when I cast a glance back. There was a sterility of tolerance and fellow-feeling in me. I was completely in the grip of a bloodless ideology. I refused, for instance, the proffered handshake of a friendly Labour K.C. candidate on nomination day. The unspoken thoughts I entertained about him, prompted solely by ideology, were quietly countered by his quotation of Burns's sentiment —"Man to man the world o'er shall brithers be. . . ."

Speech In Police Station

But I was not deficient in a sense of humour on some occasions. As well as asking facilities from employers to expound "the revolutionary way out" to meetings of their workers inside the factories, I conceived the idea of addressing my very well-known and very good friends the police—inside the High Street central police station, where they had shoved me into a cell occasionally. On an application made to the Chief Constable to exercise this "constitutional right," permission was duly granted.

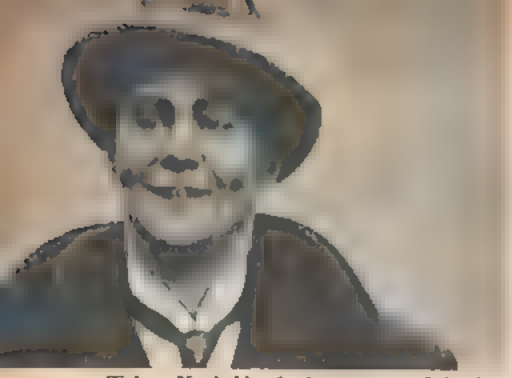
The meeting took place in the muster room while the night patrol was assembling for duty. The inspector introduced me. He forbore to remind the policemen that I was the person who in the early twenties had led the unemployed in "irritation" marches to tangle up the traffic in Princes Street and that I had since shown much ingenuity in providing them all with extra duties and unpaid overtime. "I am sure you all know Mr. Fred Douglas," was his terse introduction. Every man raised his eyes meaningly towards the inspector and the candidate.

I made some sympathetic references to the strain of their work—who was in a better position than I to appreciate it?—and I gave them a big-hearted promise to fight to restore all wage cuts.

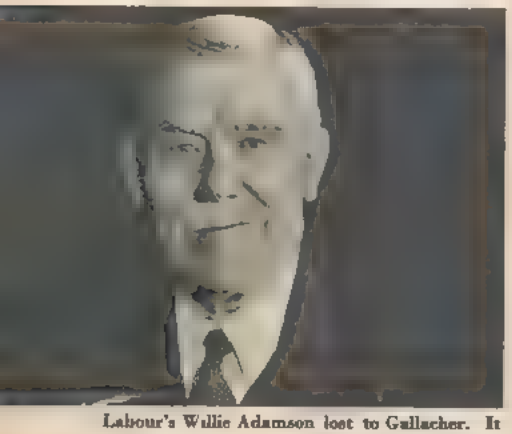
When I had done, the inspector, in flatter tones than before, called upon the men to accord their thanks to the speaker "in the usual way." Looking fixedly at the wall behind me, each constable brought his hands together in four slow claps, one . . . two . . . three . . . four. Then they sharply turned right and marched off.

It was one of the few flashes of comic relief in an election campaign which I conducted against Willie Graham with all the vehemence and spite which my Communist beliefs and my training at the Lenin School for Party leaders in Moscow had bred in me.

The upshot was that I took a little more than a thousand votes from Graham. But the damaging effect of the Communist campaign against Graham went beyond that, and a Labour stronghold was lost. Our campaign throughout the country hit at the Labour Party, which was striving to close its ranks and consolidate the new leadership after MacDonald's and



Walton Newbold, who became one of the first Communist M.P.s. Douglas helped him to win



Labour's Willie Adamson lost to Gallacher. It was a negative victory for the Communists

G. K. Chesterton with E. Scrymgeour (left), who beat Churchill—with unasked Communist aid

Snowden's desertion I had not been elected to Parliament—nor had I ever had any hope that I would be—but the Party had achieved some part of its aim of disruption and demoralization.

Since 1920 we had been employing every weapon to discredit leaders, parties and the entire parliamentary system. We called this "revolutionary parliamentarianism." Nowadays the Communist Party denies that it wants to abolish Parliament. But, since the Party's Foundation Congress in 1920, that had been the open and declared aim. Election after election was used to discredit leaders, parties and the parliamentary system. The pattern was always the same. I think back to the meetings I addressed in Motherwell when the ex-Quaker, J. T. Walton Newbold, became one of the first Communist M.P.s; meetings outside Colville's steel works, inside the wagon works, the speeches to guilds and trade unions—agitating all the time, as did the posters on the walls, urging the workers to make Motherwell "the Red Heart of Lanarkshire." And against that background I still see Newbold, the intellectual convert to Communism, a rather strange figure, gaunt and tubercular, the fever often in his eyes and the pallor on his cheek, often aloof, always unkempt, dressed in two coats.

We got him in. He sent off a cable on the day of victory to the world congress of the Comintern announcing that Motherwell had been won for Moscow—and Zinovieff, reading the message to the delegates, proclaimed that the Red Star was rising over the most capitalist country of all.

At West Fife, we got Willie Gallacher in by the same technique as we used against Churchill and Graham—a concentrated personal attack on his opponent, William Adamson, former Scottish Secretary and miners' leader Gallacher's return was largely a negative victory, with the destroyed political reputation of Adamson as its foundation

Letter Of Resignation

In election after election, our tactics were to defame, discredit and disrupt; we were out to "get" personalities, parties and democracy itself As the war wore to an end, the promise of a return to normal political life set me thinking. I became convinced that Stalin's ultra revolutionary policy had helped Hitler to power and helped to produce the war itself. The word "democracy" was always on our lips now But if we wanted democracy in earnest, what was the further need for the revolutionary style of organization we had set up when the party was founded in 1920?

It was in the middle of the Communist General Election campaign of 1945 when my doubts about the Party refused to go on leading an underground existence. One afternoon, when I should have been walking up to the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, to cross over to Gallacher's constituency in Fife, I did something else. I sat down and wrote a letter to Political Bureau member John Gollan, who was leading the Party in Scotland. It was the letter of resignation of a foundation Party member

I made no complaint of neglect or lack of recognition I had none. My booklet, *The Scottish Tories*, was being boosted by the Party and achieved a ten-thousand sale It was the main agitational weapon of the Communist election agents in Scotland. But every day for me the election atmosphere was emphasizing the gulf between British Communism and the British people

What Is The Real Aim?

Looking back over twenty-five years of agitation, I saw that we had behaved like aliens in our own country all the time. Today the Communist candidates, few in number, declare that Soviets and the abolition of Parliament are far from their thoughts, a "slanderous misrepresentation." Records of past Party Congresses reveal that this "slander" and "misrepresentation" originated from themselves. Now, however, they are for the "improvement" of Britain's Parliament along Eastern European lines; they want a "People's Democracy."

There is only one way in which they hope to get it. That is by a new tilt of the world balance of power that will make Britain into Russia's satellite like Poland and Czechoslovakia. What, then, is their real aim in fighting the election? What return do they hope to get for the deposits that they already know they will lose?

In the 1950 election, their hundred candidates cost the Party more than £50,000 in campaign expenses and forfeited deposits. Their return worked out at two votes to the pound But they were satisfied with the fact that free posting facilities had put five million Cominform-inspired manifestos through the letter-boxes of Britain, and the campaign had given them an opportunity to spread wider their gospel of mistrust and vilification

A fortnight before the present election, the Communists announced ten candidates—at West Fife, Stepney, Lewisham, the Gorbals Division of Glasgow, Brightside (Sheffield), Rhondda East, Hackney South, Woodford, East Dumbarton and Dundee. A few of these are, of course, "traditional" Communist fighting spots—the Gorbals, for instance, has a long "revolutionary" history—but the rest are just key positions where, although the chances of victory might be slim, the chances of smearing both Labour and Tory leaders would be ample

In Woodford, where there is no serious Communist influence or organization, J. R. Campbell, editor of the *Daily Worker*, hoped to echo the Dundee smear campaign against Churchill

The obscure Communist organizer, Willie Lauchlin, was given Willie Gallacher's place in the West Fife fight. Rhondda East has lost whatever charms it once had for Pollitt, and the faithful though colourless Idris Cox stepped in instead In Glasgow, the choice was Politbureau member Peter Kerrigan, like myself a one-time member of the Lenin School, a good Party drill-sergeant but not a popular personality as a candidate. In Lewisham the Party was to go all out after Herbert Morrison—"the man," as Pollitt said in announcing these candidatures, "who is most responsible for the Cabinet's anti-Soviet policy"

Attack On War Minister

Comrade Pollitt also gave the game away in his explanation why Dave Bowman stood for Dundee West, against John Strachey, the Minister of War. "Mr John Strachey," he told the Communist Party Executive, "is responsible for sending British soldiers to fight for the Americans in Korea, and for the rubber and tin companies in Malay"

Almost at the last minute Paime Dutt has withdrawn from Hampstead, where he originally intended to fight this time Hampstead will therefore be saved what Sparkbrook has had to endure in the past. There he stood against L. S. Amery, and his purpose was not to get sufficient votes to send him to the House of Commons, but to have a public platform from which his speeches against British Imperialism could be relayed to South-East Asia in order to fan hatred of us in those countries.

It is significant, too, that, in addition to Dutt, neither Gallacher, Pollitt, nor his henchman, Gollan, is standing this time. They are the top figures in British Communism Perhaps leadership of a less public struggle is envisaged for them.

Lost seats and lost deposits are of little importance. The main thing is for Communist candidates, even at the high price of £150 each, to discredit public figures whom they regard as Russia's enemies, to use their election addresses and rallies to popularize the bogus Cominform peace campaign aimed at keeping Britain defenceless, to get in some agitation against the defence budget, and to extend the smear against America

The election agitation also helps to extend the campaign of industrial discontent aimed at undermining the authority of the unions and established trade union agreements and methods of negotiation.

Return To Freedom

I got back in 1945 to the initial freedom impulse that inspired me when, as an ardent youth, I responded to the inspiration of the Russian Revolution. That freedom impulse became perverted with the development of Communist ideology In Russia itself and in the Eastern European countries, Communists themselves have been among the victims of the ideology It would lead to the same violent purges here, of Communists and non-Communists alike, it would lead to the same destruction of democracy, the same abolition of anything that we should recognize as a free vote

In this General Election of 1951, I have no regrets about my personal decision made in the General Election of 1945. THE END

The native courtroom at Githinguri is a big concrete amphitheatre. The headmen sit on a dais facing the crowd. In the middle is a sacred tree

Karenji seeks bush justice

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

Who had a right to the bride's price? He who had brought up the children with love, or the real father who neglected them?

NAIROBI

THE VILLAGE WHERE Karenji lives lies in the Kikuyu Reserve, a few miles south of the Equator, and close to the Great Rift Valley that splits East Africa like a giant axe-cut. Here in the uplands it is green and pleasant, with little fields of maize and beans, thatched huts nestling beneath the banana palms. But for the motor roads that criss-cross the red earth, the scene is the same as it has been for centuries.

Women in hand-dyed cloth of scarlet and yellow go by, staggering under huge loads of firewood. Young dandies in sports coats and flannels ride by on their bicycles, introducing an incongruous modern note to the scene. Great herds of cattle drift across the green slopes.

For Karenji, it is a special day. He calls to his wife, Maniri, and the two girls, Anjui and Maruha, and the four of them start walking down the dusty red road that leads to Githinguri —and, Karenji hopes, justice.

Fifty years ago, when Karenji was born, the white men had just come to the district and were building the first railway through the territory. In those days Karenji's father was worried by the Masai raids on his cattle, by the Arab slavers who came to carry off young men and women to sell in the great market at Zanzibar. The white men stopped to build a camp on the Masai uplands at a place called Nairobi—"The Swamp"—and stayed to build a great city.

Today the white men have great power in Karenji's land; yet his personal problem is settled today much as it would have been in the days of his father—before a court of law administered by the headmen of the tribe. Karenji travels hopefully to the court, for he has been there before, and was fairly treated. For five years he sued his neighbour for the return of a plot of land a few feet square. The court cases cost more than the land, but that was not the point. Justice was done, and litigation is almost a sport among Karenji's people. In one year alone, the tribe, 250,000 strong, spent £10,000 on civil cases, all in half-crown and five-shilling court fees.

Marriage Is A Business Affair

Karenji is a conservative man. He wears a blanket dyed red and the lobes of his ears are weighted with heavy brass rings. His wife looks very old, her back bowed from carrying great weights. She can have no more children, which saddens Karenji, for the two girls are not his but are the daughters of Maniri's first husband, Kenanjui. Which is why Karenji is going to law.

When a Kikuyu marries, he must pay to the bride's father a "bride price" in cattle. If the wife is barren, or unfaithful, the husband can divorce her by demanding the return of his cattle. Marriage is a business arrangement among the Wakikuyu, and love does not enter very strongly into the picture. Yet, in Africa as strongly as anywhere else in the world, a woman and a man sometimes fall in love, and even defy the customs of their people; so it was that, some fifteen years before, Maniri had left her husband, Kenanjui, taking her two baby daughters, and set up house with Karenji.

The years passed, and Maniri's unfaithfulness has been forgotten. To all the world she is Karenji's wife and the two children are his children. To all the world—save Kenanjui, who, throughout the years, has been waiting for his revenge. He has been very cunning, and now he hopes his cunning will bring him riches. He has never divorced Maniri. He had but to ask for the return of the cattle he gave as her bride price and his marriage would have been at an end. Instead, he has taken two other wives and apparently forgotten Maniri's faithlessness.

Both Maniri's daughters are now of an age to marry, and their hands are sought by two presentable young men of good family. Karenji has been looking forward to the match, for the two suitors will pay bride price in cattle and goats to the father.

But who is the legal father of the two girls? Kenanjui, who last saw them in his hut when they were babies? Or Karenji, who has raised them and given them the love and care of a father for fifteen years? This matrimonial tangle needs unravelling, and that is why Karenji trudges to court, followed at a respectful distance by his wife and the two girls.

Githinguri is not a town or village; it is a local administrative centre. On the market square the brightly dressed women have laid their produce out on blankets. Around the square are little shops of concrete, brick and corrugated iron, owned by Indian traders. They are only a year or two old, for Githinguri is growing fast.

The battered blue car by the roadside shows that the chief Waruhiu, is at Githinguri today, probably to settle some administrative details, or to hear cases put before his court of appeal. Waruhiu is a famous chief and he has been chief in the district for more than twenty years. A Christian, he speaks perfect English, understands law and administration, and has gained

Continued on page 26

Lieutenant Hornblower

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The fort was heavily armed. Hornblower's plan was a gamble; and Buckland couldn't afford another failure

RED-HOT SHOT POURED DOWN on to the decks of H.M.S. *Renown*. Hard aground on a mudbank, she was a sitting target for the shore batteries. It was only a matter of time before she was shot to pieces. . . .

This was Lieutenant Bush's first voyage with *Renown*, a seventy-four gun ship of the line, bound under secret orders for the West Indies. It was his first, too, with a mad captain. For there was no doubt that Captain Sawyer was mad. Obsessed with the idea that his officers were plotting against him, he imposed a harsh and savage régime. Harsh, that is, for the officers; the crew—and, in particular, Hobbs, the captain's toady—were spoilt and lazy.

Only one man, Bush realized, seemed capable of standing up to the captain. That was the junior officer, young Hornblower. And when the crisis came, Hornblower had kept his head.

It came one night when Captain Sawyer, rightly suspecting his officers of holding a secret meeting, turned out the guard to catch them red-handed. In the excitement, the captain fell —mysteriously—down the companion and was badly injured. In the confusion that followed, it was Hornblower's sharp commands that restored order.

With Captain Sawyer, now helplessly insane, confined to his cabin, Buckland, the first lieutenant, assumed command. Slowly and tactfully, Hornblower persuaded him to read the captain's secret orders.

Immediately, *Renown* changed course. It was obvious now that she was bound for Santo Domingo, and that her mission was to clear out the Spanish privateers in Samaná Bay.

Buckland, a good officer but a poor commander, wavered so long before deciding his plan of attack that when *Renown* did head into the bay, the Spanish gunners were waiting. The ship was caught between a murderous crossfire.

And now, as Hornblower desperately directed fire on to the shore batteries, *Renown* had run aground on a mudbank.

Unless they could get clear in time, they were doomed to be shot to pieces—if they were not roasted alive first.

PART 3

Ship Aground

HORNBLOWER was beside Bush, his watch in his hand. "Tide's still rising," he said. "It's an hour before high water. But I'm afraid we're pretty hard aground."

Bush could only look at him and swear, pouring out filth from his mouth as the only means of relieving his overwrought feelings.

Hornblower looked away, turning to a gun's crew gathered round their gun. "Steady there, Duff!" he yelled. "D'you want your hands blown off when you load?"

By the time Hornblower looked round again, Bush had regained his self-control.

"An hour to high water, you say?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. According to Carberry's calculations."

"God help us!"

"My shot's just reaching the battery on the point, sir. If I can keep the embrasures swept, I'll slow their rate of fire even if I don't silence them."

Another crash as a shot struck home, and another.

"But the one across the channel's out of range."

"Yes," said Hornblower.

The powder boys were running through all the bustle with fresh charges for the guns. And here was the messenger-midshipman threading his way through them.

"Mr. Bush, sir! Will you please report to Mr. Buckland, sir? And we're aground, under fire, sir."

"Shut your mouth! I leave you in charge here, Mr. Hornblower."

"Aye, aye, sir."

THE sunlight on the quarter-deck was blinding. Buckland was standing hatless at the rail, trying to control the working of his features. There was a roar and a spluttering of steam as someone turned the jet of a hose on a fiery fragment lodged in the bulkhead. Dead men in the scuppers; wounded being carried off. A shot, or the splinters it had set flying, must have killed the man at the wheel, so that the ship, temporarily out of control, had run aground.

"We have to kedge off," said Buckland.

"Aye, aye, sir."

That meant putting out an anchor and heaving in on the cable with the capstan to haul the ship off the mud by main force. Bush looked around him to confirm what he had gathered regarding the ship's position from his restricted view below. Her bows were in the mud; she would have to be hauled off stern first. A shot howled close overhead, and Bush had to exert his self-control not to jump.

"You'll have to get a cable out aft through a stern port."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Roberts will take the stream anchor off in the launch."

"Aye, aye, sir." The fact that Buckland had omitted the formal "Mr." was significant of the strain he was undergoing and of the emergency of the occasion. "I'll take the men from my guns, sir," said Bush.

"Very good."

Now was the time for discipline and training to assert themselves; the *Renown* was fortunate in having a crew more than half composed of seasoned men drilled in the blockade of Brest. At Plymouth she had only been filled up with pressed men. What had been merely a drill, an evolution, when the *Renown* was one of the Channel Fleet, was now an operation on which the life of the ship depended.

Bush stood by, tense and excited,

Bush gathered his guns' crews around him and set about the task of rousing out a cable and getting it aft to a port, while overhead Roberts's men were manning stay tackles and yard tackles to sway out the launch.

Down below, the heat between the decks was greater even than above with the sun glaring down. The smoke from Hornblower's guns was eddying thick under the beams; Hornblower was holding his hat in his hand and wiping his

s his men waded ashore. Hornblower swung round and, keeping his voice low, beckoned to the advance guard under his command. "Follow me, you men!"

streaming face with his handkerchief. He nodded as Bush appeared; there was no need for Bush to explain the duty on which he was engaged. With the guns still thundering and the smoke still eddying, powder boys still running with fresh charges and fire parties bustling with their buckets, Bush's men roused out the cable. The hundred fathoms of it weighed a trifle over a couple of tons; clear heads and skilled supervision were necessary to get the unwieldy cable laid out aft.

Bush was at his best doing work which called for single-minded attention to a single duty. He had the cable flaked down along the deck by the time the cutter was under the stern to receive the end, and then he watched the vast thing gradually snake out through the after-port without a hitch. The launch came into his line of vision as he stood looking out, with the vast weight of the stream anchor dangling astern; it was a relief to know that the tricky business of getting the anchor into her had been successfully carried out.

The second cutter carried the spring cable from the hawsehole. Roberts was in command; Bush heard him hail the cutter as the three boats drew off astern. There was a sudden jet of water among the boats; one or other, if not both, of the batteries ashore had shifted targets; a shot now into the launch would be a disaster, and one into a cutter would be a serious setback.

"Pardon, sir," said Hornblower's voice beside him, and Bush turned back from looking out over the glittering water.

"Well?"

"I could take some of the foremost guns and run 'em aft," said Hornblower. "Shifting the weight would help."

"So it would," agreed Bush. Hornblower's face was streaked and grimy with his exertions, as Bush noted while he considered if he had sufficient authority to give the order on his own responsibility. "Better get Buckland's permission. Ask him in my name, if you like."

"Aye, aye, sir."

These lower-deck twenty-four pounders weighed more than two tons each; their transfer aft would be an important factor in getting the bows off the mudbank. Bush took another glance through the port. James, the midshipman in the first cutter, was turning to look back to check that the cable was out in exact line with the length of the ship. There would be a serious loss of tractive effort if there

was an angle in the cable from anchor to capstan. Launch and cutter were coming together in preparation for dropping the anchor.

All around them the water suddenly boiled to a salvo from the shore; the skipping jets of the ricochets showed that it was the fort on the hill that was firing at them—and making good practice for that extreme range. The sun caught an axe blade as it turned in the air, in the stern sheets of the launch; Bush saw the momentary flash. They were letting the anchor drop from where it hung from the gallows in the stern. Thank God.

Hornblower's guns were still bellowing out, making the ship tremble with their recoil, and at the same time a splintering crash over his head told him that the other battery was still firing on the ship and still scoring hits. Everything was still going on at once; Hornblower had men at work dragging aft the foremost twenty-four pounder on the starboard side—a ticklish job with the rolling handspike under the transom of the carriage. The trucks squealed horribly as the men struggled to turn the cumbersome thing and thread their way along the crowded deck. But Bush could spare Hornblower no more than a glance as he hurried up to the maindeck to see what was happening at the capstan.

The men were already taking their places at the capstan bars under the supervision of Smith and Booth; the maindeck guns were being stripped of the last of their crews to supply enough hands. Naked to the waist, the men were spitting on their hands and testing their foothold—there was no need to tell them how serious the situation was; no need for Booth's knotted rattan.

"Heave away!" hailed Buckland from the quarterdeck.

"Heave away!" yelled Booth. "Heave, and wake the dead!"

The men flung their weight on the bars and the capstan came round, the pawls clanking rapidly as the capstan took up the slack. Then the intervals between the clanking of the pawls became longer as the capstan turned more slowly. More slowly; clank—clank—clank. Now the strain was coming; the bitts creaked as the cable tightened. Clank—clank. That was a new cable, and it could be expected to stretch a trifle.

The sudden howl of a shot—what wanton fate had directed it here of all places in the ship? Flying splinters and prostrate men; the shot had ploughed through the whole crowded mass. Red blood was pouring out, vivid in the sunshine. In understandable confusion, the men drew away from the bloody wrecks.

"Stand to your posts!" yelled Lieutenant Smith. "You, boys! Get those men out of the way. Another capstan bar here! Smartly now!"

The ball which had wrought such fearful havoc had not spent all its force on human flesh; it had gone on to shatter the cheek piece of a gun carriage and then to lodge in the ship's side. Nor had human blood quenched it; smoke was rising on the instant from where it rested. Bush himself seized a fire bucket and dashed its contents on the glowing ball; steam blended with the smoke and the water spat and spluttered. No single fire bucket could quench twenty-four pounds of red-hot iron, but a fire party came running up to flood the smouldering menace.

The dead and the wounded had been dragged away and the men were at the capstan bars again.

"Heave!" shouted Booth. Clank—clank—clank. Slowly and more slowly still turned the capstan. Then it came to a dead stop while the bitts groaned under the strain. "Heave! Heave!"

Clank! Then reluctantly, and after a long interval, clank! Then no more. The merciless sun beat down upon the men's straining backs; their horny feet sought for a grip as they shoved and thrust against the bars.

BUSH went below again, leaving them straining away; he could, and did, send plenty of men up from the lower gun-deck to treble-bank the capstan bars. There were men still hard at work in the smoky twilight hauling the last possible gun aft, but Hornblower was back among his guns, supervising the pointing. Bush set his foot on the cable. It was not like a rope, but like a wooden spar, as rigid and unyielding. Then, through the sole of his shoe, Bush felt the slightest tremor, the very slightest; the men at the capstan were putting their reinforced strength against the bars. The clank of one more pawl gained reverberated along the ship's timbers; the cable shuddered a trifle more violently and then stiffened into total rigidity again. It did not creep over an eighth of an inch under Bush's foot, although he knew that at the capstan 150 men were straining their hearts out at the bars.

One of Hornblower's guns went off; Bush felt the jar of the recoil through the cable. Faintly down the hatchways came the shouts of encouragement from Smith and Booth at the capstan, but not an inch of gain could be noted at the cable. Hornblower came and touched his hat to Bush.

"D'you notice any movement when I fire a gun, sir?" As he asked the question, he turned and waved to the captain of a midships gun which was loaded and run out. The gun captain brought the linstock down on the touchhole, and the gun roared out and came recoiling back through the smoke. Bush's foot on the cable recorded the effect.

"Only the jar—no—yes."

"I could fire all my guns at once. That might break the suction, sir."

So it might, indeed.

"I think it's worth trying, by God," said Bush.

"Very good, sir. I'll have my guns loaded and ready in three minutes, sir." Hornblower turned to his battery and funnelled his hands round his mouth. "Cease fire! Cease fire, all!"

"I'll tell 'em at the capstan," said Bush.

"Very good, sir." Hornblower went on giving his orders. "Load and double-shot your guns. Prime and run out."

That was the last that Bush heard for the moment as he went up on the main deck and made his suggestion to Smith, who nodded in instant agreement.

"'Vast heaving!" shouted Smith, and the sweating men at the bars eased their weary backs.

An explanation was necessary to Buckland on the quarterdeck; he saw the force of the argument. The unfortunate man, who was watching the failure of his first venture in independent command, and whose ship was in such deadly peril, was gripping at the rail and wringing it with his two hands as if he would twist it like a corkscrew. In the midst of all this there was a piece of desperately important news that Smith had to give.

"Roberts is dead," he said, out of the side of his mouth.

"No!"

"He's dead. A shot cut him in two in the launch."

"Good God!"

IT was to Bush's credit that he felt sorrow at the death of Roberts before his mind recorded the fact that he was now first lieutenant of a ship of the line. But there was no time now to think of either sorrow or rejoicing, not with the *Renown* aground and under fire. Bush hailed down the hatchway.

"Below, there! Mr. Hornblower!"

"Sir!"

"Are your guns ready?"

"Another minute, sir."

"Better take the strain," said Bush to Smith, and then, louder, down the hatchway: "Await my order, Mr. Hornblower."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The men settled themselves at the capstan bars again, braced their feet, and heaved.

"Heave!" shouted Booth. "Heave!" The men might be pushing at the side of a church, so little movement did they get from the bars after the first inch. "Heave!"

Bush left them and ran below. He set his foot on the rigid cable and nodded to Hornblower. The fifteen guns—two had been dragged aft from the port side—were run out and ready, the crews awaiting orders.

"Captains, take your linstocks!" shouted Hornblower. "All you others, stand clear! Now, I shall give you the words, 'One, two, three.' At 'three' you touch your linstocks down. Understand?"

There was a buzz of agreement.

"All ready? All linstocks glowing?" The gun captains swung the linstocks about to get them as bright as possible. "Then, one—two—three."

Down came the linstocks on the touchholes, and almost simultaneously the guns roared out; even with the inevitable variation in the

Continued on page 28

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

SON of a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, this red-headed public schoolboy was considered stupid by many of his masters.

Of his entrance examination he wrote later: "I was found unable to answer a single question in the Latin paper. I wrote my name at the top of the page. I wrote down the number of the question 'I.' After much reflection I put a bracket round it thus '(I)'. But thereafter I could not think of anything connected with it that was either relevant or true. Incidentally, there arrived from nowhere in particular a blot and several smudges.

"I gazed for two whole hours at this sad spectacle; and then merciful ushers collected my piece of foolscap with all the others and carried it up to the headmaster's table. It was from these slender indications of scholarship that Mr. Weldon (the headmaster) drew the conclusion that I was worthy to pass into Harrow."

While apparently a scholastic duffer, he won the Public Schools Fencing Competition. He also kept two dogs in the village, quite contrary to school rules. He had a reputation for swearing.

"I spent nearly four and a half years at Harrow, of which three were in the Army class. It consisted of boys of the middle and higher forms of the school and of very different ages, all of whom were being prepared for the Woolwich examination. We were withdrawn from the ordinary movement of the school from form to form.

"Officially I never got out of the Lower School, so I never had the privilege of having a fag of my own. When in the passage of time I became what was called 'a three-yearer,' I ceased to have to fag myself and as I was older than other boys of my standing I was appointed in my House to the position of Head of the Fags.

"This was my first responsible office, and the duties, which were honorary, consisted of keeping the roster of all the fags, making out the lists of their duties and dates and placing copies of these lists in the rooms of the monitors, football and cricket champions and other members of our aristocracy."

Since then he has held several other offices. For his name turn to page 38.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Ballyhoo with a red car and a catch-phrase. Al Read ("You have to be odd to be noticed") arrives at Blackpool's Central Pier before the show

Al Read, radio comic who tells the truth

by W. G. GREATOREX

"I'm just a reporter," says Britain's newest funny man. He gets his material first-hand in Lancashire queues and Mayfair hotels

EVERYBODY TURNED TO STARE as the bright red sports car, with the phrase, "Right, Monkey!" gilt-lettered along each side of the bonnet, growled to an ostentatious halt outside Central Pier, Blackpool. With an air of calm indifference, the driver—a lightly built, sad-faced man in a golfing cap and khaki trenchcoat—spread a canvas cover across the seats, mechanically signed several autograph books and hurried off, without word or gesture, beyond the pier turnstile.

"It never fails," muttered one grizzled promenade showman on the fringe of the rain-drenched onlookers. "You've got to hand it to him for ballyhoo." Once nightly throughout the holiday season he had seen Al Read, Manchester business man turned top-line radio comedian, make his gusty, twenty-horse-powered appearance.

"You have to be odd to be noticed," says Read when asked about his change of occupation at the age of thirty-nine. "Salesmanship and show business are one and the same, really."

In March, 1950, Read was full-time director of his family's sausage and meat-pie business, with its three Lancashire factories and 400 employees. Now he starts the new radio season as one of the B.B.C.'s top four comedians, resident funny man on *Variety Bandbox*, and a worthwhile proposition to West End impresarios desperate for new comics.

"Most entertainers come into show business, make their pile, and then set up shop on their own," says Read. "I just started the other way round." His attitude to his new job is frankly commercial. After twenty-four years of buying and selling, dealing in stocks and shares, he sees his talent as an investment and his current popularity as a boom.

Brisk and businesslike, he has no time for the emotional affectations of the theatre and derides the "childishness" of some of his fellow artists. When, recently, a representative of Palladium chief Val Parnell called on Read to announce that the famous impresario would be coming into the provinces to run the rule over his act, Al turned to his informant and asked blandly, "What for?"

He Haggles For Himself

On the night Val Parnell sat in the front row of the stalls, Read overheard some backstage criticism of his inexperience as a performer. "They're saying I'm a 'ham,'" he told a friend in his dressing-room. "They say I don't even know how to walk on the stage properly. Of course I'm a ham, and I don't know of a right or a wrong way of walking on. I just go on—and that's that!"

After the show, Val Parnell and Read talked for half an hour. "He was not a bit like I expected," the comedian recalls. "We had plenty in common because we are both business men. There seemed no reason why we should not make a deal."

In negotiation over terms, Al is his own representative and stolidly refuses to engage an agent. Last March, after his winter of success on the air, he made arrangements with Henry Hall for a star début at the Nottingham Empire. On the Sunday before the show opened, they drove down from Read's home. In the city centre they were held up at the traffic lights; and the broad beam of the car's powerful headlamps caught a large poster facing them. In huge black lettering the show was announced: "Henry Hall presents Al Read in *Right, Monkey!*"

"It was the sort of billing that might be reserved for Danny Kaye," Henry Hall relates. "Al's name must have been six feet high. And here he was, something of a new boy to the theatre. What a thrill for him, I thought."

But Read's reaction was dispassionately commercial. Turning to Hall, he said: "I hope you know what you're doing!"

His dealings with persevering theatrical agents who try to land him as a new client have given Al such an insight into their lives that he now includes one of them among the gallery of characters he mimics in his act. Mainly he gets his material from the bus queue, the clubhouse, the store-counter and the football crowd. "I'm just a reporter," he insists. "I try to tell the truth about everyday life."

The "Monkey" Routine

Once, when he broadcast his now well-known monologue about marital disharmony on the eve of a mother-in-law's visit, he was so inundated with letters from couples who claimed it was exactly what had happened to them that he had to get the B.B.C. to stencil a mass reply. One young wife wrote: "My husband said you sounded like me. Having heard you, I'd better mend my ways."

Read's script was peppered with such domestically feminine phrases as, "What *are* you going to do about that back room? You know my mother's coming—and just look at it! You don't shape! No pride in the house, never had! Can't understand you at all." But the petulant ultimatum that went home to millions was Al's high-pitched, wifely trump card: "You'll come home one night and find me missing." It summed up what he delights in calling his "monkey routine," a recurring theme based on the minor revenges of everyday life.

He first came out with the catch-phrase "Ri-ight, Monkey!" in his now familiar I'll get-you-for-that tone, at a house-party given by a Manchester doctor. Among the guests was the late Bowker Andrews, then producer of the North Region radio show, *Variety Fanfare*, who was so impressed that he asked Read to call at the studios for an audition.

Three weeks later, Al was given a spot and so pleased the studio audience that he was

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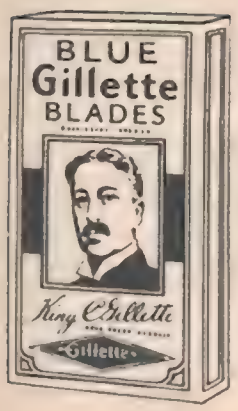
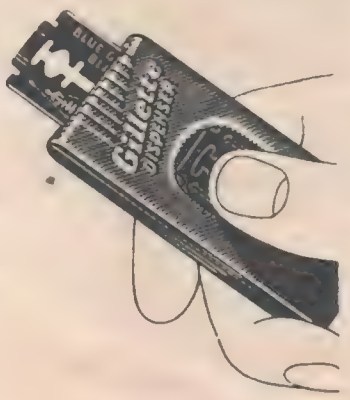


10-BLADE PACKETS 2/8



20-BLADE DISPENSER 5/4

Blue Gillette Blades

immediately offered another engagement. Soon, the B.B.C. found that listeners were critical when he was left out of *Variety Fanfare*. Even top-liners from the West End proved an anti-climax after Read, and there was only one thing to do. He was put at the top of the bill.

Soon afterwards, at a rehearsal in Manchester, Read was introduced to a B.B.C. executive who complimented him on his arrival as a comedian. "But," confided the official with a thoughtful air, "don't you think it would be better if you dropped that 'Right, Monkey!' bit? Isn't it just a little vulgar?" Read hardly ever laughs, but he chuckles over that incident today. "Now," he says, "they wouldn't let me drop it for all the respectability in the whole Corporation." He also likes to point out that the monkey routine is not confined to any particular type of people, but is a universal characteristic.

Mayfair Joins In

A few months ago, in the foyer of a West End hotel, Read noticed two well-dressed women parading regally across the thick carpet. As they passed him, one was exclaiming, "Well, my dear, I shan't invite him again. Never! I said, 'If you set one foot on that step——!' After all, there was enough said at Mildred's wedding!"

"This," Read recalls exultantly, "was the monkey routine in Mayfair." Three weeks later, the phrases turned up in one of his radio impressions. "Nobody is safe from him," said one of Al's golfing friends the other week. "You never know whether he'll do you next."

Read prepares his radio sketches in the front room of his modest "semi" at St. Anne's, near Blackpool, breaking off now and then to telephone the manager of the meat-processing business. His friends comment that humour and commerce seem to be the same to him.

Stunt That Began It

Al Read first saw the funny side of life as a child. He did comic imitations at the age of nine. When he was fifteen, it was decided to put him into the family business because he mixed so easily. He set out to call on Lancashire grocers. Most of them hardly gave him a glance, an experience that led him to the simplified philosophy of self-advancement he has held ever since: "You have to be odd to be noticed." Acting on this, he went on his rounds wearing a schoolboy's cap.

The first shopkeeper he visited took him for a customer, and the boy salesman had to explain. Suddenly the grocer vanished behind the shop. He returned with his wife and exclaimed, "Here he is, lass. Look! A commercial traveller!" Al won his first order. Much the same thing happened at other shops.

"They thought they had discovered some phenomenon," he reflects. Inside six months, he was taking orders for £300 worth of sausages and meat pies a week. Then he found a way to improve his turnover with less effort. He noted the dates of all the grocers' get-togethers and got himself invited. At the first, some of the grocers, knowing of his prowess as a comedian, insisted that he should give a turn.

"Instead of going round to all the grocers, here they all were crowding round me." Soon after, Read was given his first professional contract, to appear at the Bolton Grand Theatre for nine guineas a week.

After a fortnight as a "pro," he was glad to get back into the business of selling meat, where he stayed until 1945. Then, according to one member of his family, "the temptation got too strong," and he built up his own road show, in which he played a comic colonel. After twenty-two weeks of up-and-down business, the show closed, leaving his bank account lighter by £600.

It taught him that fancy dress mattered less than what he said, a lesson that seemed costly at the time but which Read today sets against his current earnings from stage and radio. Now he has an idea to form himself into a limited company, both for his acting work and to exploit his "Right, Monkey!" catch-phrase, which he visualizes on everything from toys to corn flakes.

He guards the words closely. When a radio impressionist took him off in a recent broadcast, Read instantly gave instructions for a letter to be sent warning the impersonator to refrain. Some of his critics argue that Read is too businesslike; others that he will find it progressively more difficult to get fresh material.

"I never stop collecting the stuff," Al claims. "It's everywhere—at the B.B.C., at the golf club, in the train. Everybody, from bank managers to chars, talks 'Right, Monkey!' language."

His Family Of Comics

Only at home does he stop consciously collecting phrases. There he relaxes as kingpin of a family of comics. His wife Joyce, thirteen-year-old daughter, Julia, ten-year-old Howard, and Alex, six, are all natural performers.

The other day, while Read was entertaining a business friend, Alex came into the room sucking an iced lollipop. "Hallo," said his father with apparent irrelevance, "what do you want for Christmas?" Alex took the cue. He grinned widely, showing a gap the dentist had left. "Two front teeth," he retorted.

Read senior surveyed the lollipop with paternal curiosity. "How much did you pay for that?"

"Twopence," came the considered reply.

"And how much would *you* sell them for?"

"A penny."

"That's the boy!"

Next day Al Read brought home a new toy—a machine for making iced lollipops. "Only for fun, of course," he explains. "But it teaches them business." THE END

How a Film is written

THE ACE of British screen-writers is T. E. B. Clarke. He wrote *Hue and Cry* and *Passport to Pimlico*, and won the Venice Film Festival script award with *The Lavender Hill Mob*.

In next week's JOHN BULL, T. E. B. Clarke's own personal story is told by Elkan Allan. It is an intriguing article on the little-known world of the film writers, where a plot is a "McGuffin" and a gag may be a "Rosay's Bottom."

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PETE AND THE GREAT MAGIC

Continued from page 12

shack, the others fell aside respectfully, making a wide path for him.

He had gone half-way when he heard Chief Elija's voice, coming from the river bank. "Sanoose! It is Sanoose! The white man's magic has killed Sanoose."

Pete stopped as though he had been lassoed, then turned and ran down to the water, arriving just in time to see Chief Elija lifting a big trout from the water.

"Oh, my God, what have I done!" cried Pete, in English. He could say no more: the look his grandfather gave him was too much. Breaking away from the crowd, Pete ran for the woods.

He walked for hours in a big circle, coming back eventually to the big rock at the foot of Pyramid Mountain, overlooking the village. It was dark now; the peak of the mountain was white with snow and moonlight.

Simon Peter Stoqua stood there for some moments, motionless, then suddenly threw out his arms to the mountain. "Father," he said, "a needy one stands before thee. How can I undo this wrong?"

There was a rustling in the bushes behind Pete, and Alexander Quanticoot walked out on to the rock. "I've already fixed it, chum," he said quietly. "I guess you know who I am. I come from up by Babine Lake."

"I've heard of you," Pete answered shortly. "You do everything better than it's ever been done before."

"Well, at least I don't go around trying to make a name for myself with dynamite. That was a dam' fool act, if ever I saw one."

Pete sighed. "You're right, it was. If it's any satisfaction to you, I feel like a heel."

"So you should," said Alexander equably. "But you can stop worrying. As I told you, I've fixed it. I just caught a trout in my net. Had a hell of a battle, and nearly got pulled into the rapids, but I got him. He's just about the same size as Sanoose, so we'll probably be able to work it."

"Work what?"

"Why, giving the old chief back his fish, of course. I've got this trout tied with rawhide to a piece of bridge-piling that your big display of magic didn't blow up. It's the same part of the channel that Sanoose used for a hideaway. Now, I figure that if we let this fish stay there for a couple of days, and find out that it's a nice safe spot to be, he may get to like it. Particularly if I go down and clip his fins just a little, so he can't swim as fast as he'd like. When I let him go, he'll have such a time bucking the current, trying to go upstream, it's just possible he may decide to come back here to the channel and stay put. He may not, of course, but it's worth the chance."

Pete was silent for a long minute. "That's mighty decent of you," he said finally.

"The day after tomorrow," said Alexander, "you go and tell your grandfather you think you've made the medicine to get Sanoose back. While you're going through the motions, I'll dive down and cut the halters off my trout, and then all we can do is hope for the best."

"Would you like to shake hands?" Pete asked.

"Why, sure. What happened sixty years ago doesn't mean anything to me." Alexander put out his hand.

Two days later, the village again assembled by the river. Once again Pete pointed a forefinger at where the bridge had been.

"I command you to return to us, Sanoose," he said, in the Skeena tongue.

Nothing happened for perhaps two minutes; then there was a silver-blue flash below the surface of the water.

"It is Sanoose!" cried Chief Elija. "Sanoose has come back."

Pete stood there, almost without breathing. The big question was, *would* the trout come back, or would it keep right on going?

It was a good ten minutes later that the flash was seen again, this time heading for the channel.

"Where is my spear?" Chief Elija cried. "Get me my spear before he escapes me again!"

There was one thing further that Pete had to do. He found Waconita Malth in the crowd and brought her forward by the hand.

"This maiden," he said gravely, "wishes to marry Alexander Quanticoot, who is of the Babine tribe. Alexander is my friend, and it is my wish that he and Waconita should be married. If my wishes are not carried out," Pete concluded, looking sternly at Chief Elija, "it will be necessary for me to make more magic. Is that understood?"

Chief Elija returned his grandson's gaze for an instant. Then he said: "Why has no one brought me my spear?" THE END

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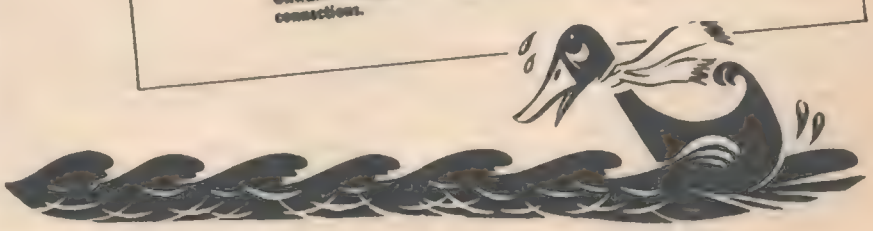

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CHAPERONING CHARLEY'S AUNT

Continued from page 13

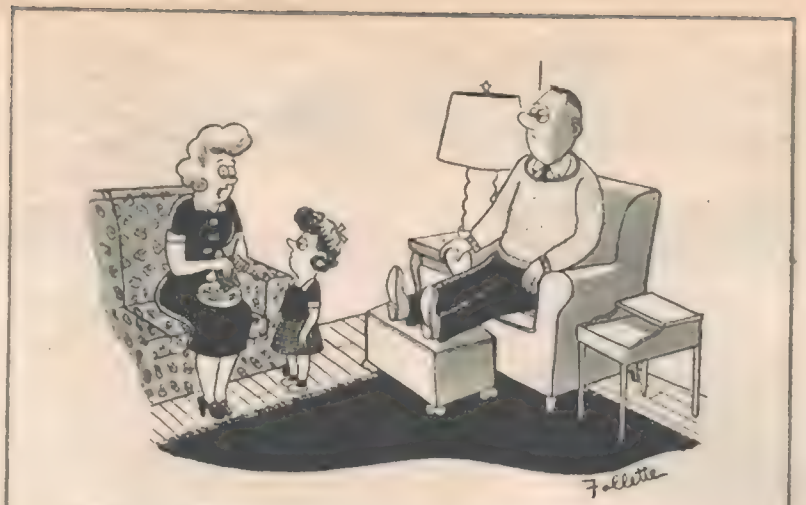
the basic situations of the play—the search for a chaperone by two Oxford undergraduates, so that they can invite their girl friends to lunch in their rooms—lost all credibility in a modern setting.

Accordingly, Cecil Beaton was hired to re-dress the family company's own production in the styles of 1892, and the edict went forth that all other productions, amateur and professional, were to follow suit. A Norwegian company, in its anxiety to be historically accurate, sent a man to England to get data about Oxford college life. Unfortunately, he was misdirected to Windsor, and the play was done with the undergraduates wearing bow ties, short jackets and Eton collars.

Brandon Thomas took two years to write the play, and then offered it to all the leading managements without success. Penley finally raised the money for the first production by borrowing £1,000 from a man who went bankrupt the next day. The profits enabled the bankrupt to repay his creditors in full and die leaving a sizable fortune.

The *Aunt* was tried out in the provinces and opened at Bury St. Edmunds to the smallest audience in the theatre's history. Although takings were less than £1, Penley felt confident enough to wire Brandon Thomas: "Your fortune is made." He was proved right as soon as the show opened in London, where the initial run lasted more than four years. Touring companies were sent to U.S.A., Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

Even though Jevan believes his father wrote as good a play of its kind as there is in the English language, he sometimes admits surprise that it stands up so well to translation. "How the Poles and the Czechs can make anything of English university life in the nineties I can't imagine," he says, "but they love the play, and revivals are done there every year."



"Well, darling, I think the first thing that attracted me to your father was all that room for improvement"

When Brandon Thomas died, his family hyphenated his names and kept it as their surname. There were four children, one of whom was killed in the first World War. The other three have all made independent careers in the theatre—Amy as an actress, Silvia as a ballet dancer, and Jevan as a writer. But the prime interest of all three is their father's play. "When you speak about the Aunt," Amy told a visitor the other day, "you are speaking about someone I know intimately. She has been a very real person to me all my life."

For many years, the play has netted annual royalties well into the five-figure bracket. Every amateur company must pay five guineas a performance, and every professional company ten per cent of its gross takings, with a guaranteed minimum of £25. This makes a respectable total, which was further increased in 1948 by the American musical version, *Where's Charley?*

Already the play has been filmed four times, with Syd Chaplin, Charles Ruggles, Jack Benny and Arthur Askey in the lead. Each version has had to be approved by the family before it could be shown in public, and Mrs. Brandon-Thomas was responsible for a large cut being made in one of the American versions because she considered a certain piece of business indelicate.

The complete absence of off-colour humour has always been one of the play's strongest points, and was quoted by Bolger as perhaps the main reason for its success as a Broadway musical. "It's funny and yet clean," he said, with the slightly astonished air of a veteran performer that such a combination could exist.

Jevan often reminisces with friends for hours on end about the play, and recalls performances in odd places. "It was done in a ward of the Star and Garter Hospital," he said at one of these sessions the other day, "to an audience of men wounded in battle. One soldier laughed so hard that he burst his bandages and had a relapse.

"During a railway strike in the twenties, one of our companies was stranded at a station in South Wales and, to amuse the other passengers, they got their costumes out of the luggage van and gave a full performance on the platform.

"In Cairo several stage people of different nationalities met by accident in Shepheard's bar and found that they had all played in the *Aunt* at one time or another, so they agreed to give a show for charity. There was no one language that they all spoke, so each acted the part in his own tongue. The audience was able to follow it quite easily, for most of them knew the play just as well as the actors."

Every year, the three Brandon-Thomases interview at least 500 actors and actresses hoping for parts in the London Christmas revival or one of the provincial tours. *Charley's Aunt* has made many stars. Charles Chaplin personally asked Mrs. Brandon-Thomas to let his then little-known brother Syd play in the first film version. In the 1940 New York revival, the American actor, José Ferrer, won fame and a Hollywood rôle with Ingrid Bergman. John Mills had his first important break as the "aunt" in 1928.

"There seems no reason," says Jevan, "why the play shouldn't go on making stars, and money, for ever."

This is an opinion shared by many theatrical people, including George Jean Nathan, the irascible dean of American drama critics. When he was last called upon to review the play, for what he estimates was at least the fiftieth time in his career, Nathan described it with force, though with biological inaccuracy, as "that inexhaustible old heifer."

THE END

KARENJI SEEKS BUSH JUSTICE

Continued from page 19

great renown by the shrewd diplomacy with which he has handled the troubles arising between his people and the white men.

Although there are many Christian converts in the Reserve, not all the progressive headmen are Christians. Many wear the badge of the Serkali (Government) and have taken an oath to serve King George faithfully. But the oath was taken for them by the witchdoctors guarding the most sacred and terrible of all things, the Githathi Stone, a stone with seven holes, in each hole a stick. An oath taken on the Githathi must never be broken, for the seven sticks will become swords, to pierce the body and destroy the spirit of the oath-breaker.

Over on the hillside facing the market is the court. The local native council meets there some days, but today Chief Waruhiu is hearing a complicated land case with other headmen. The case is further complicated by the fact that it has been going on since 1927, and most of the litigants have forgotten exactly what it is about.

These include a very fat and presumably rich woman in scarlet and yellow. For years she has kept her papers relating to the case in her little hut—yet they are as fresh and clean as the day she first came to court. She has eloquence, this woman, and fire. She understands the law and all its terms, and can debate even with the chief. Unfortunately she has apparently no clear idea of what she is asking the court to grant her. It was all too long ago and is forgotten.

Yet she feels that she, her sons and her brother have been unjustly treated. Waruhiu, dressed in cricket shirt and flannels, listens respectfully. When he replies, after a consultation with the headmen, his answer is to the point, delivered in a deep, rolling voice—one of the characteristics that have earned him the nickname of "The Kikuyu Churchill."

Waruhiu refers the matter to the District Officer's court, gives a decision against the woman, but advises her to appeal. Then he goes off to attend to other business, and the local native tribunal, which will hear Karenji's case, takes over.

The Sacred Tree

The court room is in the open air. A big concrete amphitheatre faces a concrete dais on which wooden chairs stand for the court. On the steps sit the listening public. Their bicycles and walking-sticks are parked against trees all round. In the middle of the judges' dais a sacred tree grows from a hole in the concrete, making the judgment sacred for the pagan members of the court.

Karenji and his family wait patiently, listening to other cases. A lorry driver is accused of shooting a buck with a poisoned arrow in a game reserve. This mixture of ancient and modern is quickly straightened out by the court, and the offender is fined. Young and well dressed in European clothes, he pays his fine on the spot. He is a busy man, not like these fools, his manner indicates, who have nothing better to do than go to court. He swaggers off, and his place is taken by two brothers who bring two cows into court.

They are appealing against a previous decision of the court, convicting them of stealing two cows. They claim that the cows were "planted" in their *boma*. The whole thing is a frame-up.

"Are these the cows?" asks the headman who presides.

"No, old one, but these are calves of the cows."

Exhibits A and B are ordered to be driven from the court and struck off the records. It seems that the brothers, blanketed and bare-footed, in contrast to the slick lorry driver, have a good case. But this court cannot hear an appeal, and it must go to the District Officer.

At last Karenji's case comes before the court. Bringing forward the "evidence"—his wife and her two daughters—he sits on the steps below the court. Opposite him sits Kenanjui. The clerk of the court gives each man a bundle of sticks, each stick some two feet long. These are tallies for counting, much as an abacus is used. They are also used to mark legal points, and on the numbers of sticks piled up before plaintiff and defendant the case may depend.

Kenanjui opens—a long, impassioned speech, with many hand-wavings. He has been wronged, his wife has been taken. He demands the bride price for the girls. When he has finished his tirade he sits and listens stoically to Karenji's answer.

All this is true, says Karenji. But has he not kept the girls, sent them to a mission school, brought them up to be good girls and worthy of marriage? Will the court take his rightful prize, the bride price, because of a legal technicality?

Law Must Prevail

Timidly, Maniri speaks. She says that as far as she is concerned Karenji is her husband. Kenanjui beat her. Karenji has been good to the children, like a father. The girls listen, dark-eyed, silent.

Sticks pile up. The court gets together and discusses the matter. Their decision is based, the headman explains, not only on law but on immemorial custom. The matter is clear. Kenanjui has never asked for his cattle back. He is Maniri's rightful husband. The bride price for the two girls is his. Next case. . . .

Defeated, Karenji starts on the long trudge back to his hut along the red dirt road. He will appeal. The case will probably go all the way to the District Commissioner. But tribal law is as strong as the white man's own laws, and Karenji knows he has little hope of a reversal of the decision.

THE END

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LIEUTENANT HORNBLOWER

Continued from page 22

amounts of powder in the touch-holes, there was not a second between the first and the last of the fifteen explosions. Bush, his foot on the cable, felt the ship heave with the recoil—double-shotting the guns had increased the effect. The smoke came eddying into the sweltering heat, but Bush had no attention to give to it. The cable moved under his foot with the heave of the ship. Surely it was moving along. It was! He had to shift the position of his foot. The clank of a newly gained pawl on the windlass could be heard by everyone. Clank—clank. Someone in the smoke started a cheer and others took it up.

"Silence!" bellowed Hornblower.

Clank — clank — clank. Reluctant sounds; but the ship was moving. The cable was coming in slowly, like a mortally wounded monster. If only they could keep her on the move! Clank—clank—clank. The interval between the sounds was growing shorter—even Bush had to admit that to himself. The cable was coming in faster—faster.

"Take charge here, Mr. Hornblower," said Bush, and sprang for the main deck. If the ship were free, there would be urgent matters for the first lieutenant to attend to. The capstan pawls seemed almost to be playing a merry tune, so rapidly did they sound as the capstan turned.

Undoubtedly there was much to be attended to on deck. There were decisions which must be made at once. Bush touched his hat to Buckland. "Any orders, sir?"

Buckland turned unhappy eyes on him. "We've lost the flood," he said.

This must be the highest moment of the tide; if they were to touch ground again, kedging off would not be so simple an operation.

"Yes, sir," said Bush.

The decision could only lie with Buckland; no one else could share the responsibility. But it was terribly hard for a man to have to admit defeat in his very first command. Buckland looked as if for inspiration round the bay, where the red-and-gold flags of Spain flew above the banked up powder smoke of the batteries—no inspiration could be found there.

"We can only get out with the land breeze," said Buckland.

"Yes, sir."

There was almost no longer for the land breeze to blow, either, thought Bush; Buckland knew it as well as he did. A shot from the fort on the hill struck into the main chains at that moment, with a jarring crash and a shower of splinters. They heard the call for the fire party, and with that Buckland reached the bitter decision.

"Heave in on the spring-cable," he ordered. "Get her round, head to sea."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Retreat—defeat; that was what that order meant. But defeat had to be faced; even with the order given, there was much that had to be done to work the ship out of the imminent danger in which she lay. Bush turned to give the orders.

WHEN the tropic night closed down upon the battered *Renown*, as she stood off the land under easy sail—just enough to stiffen her to ride easily over the Atlantic rollers that the trade wind, reinforced by the sea breeze, sent hurrying under her bows—Buckland sat anxiously discussing the situation with his new first lieutenant.

Despite the breeze, the little cabin was like an oven; the two lanterns

which hung from the deck beams to illuminate the chart on the table seemed to heat the room unbearably. Bush felt the perspiration prickling under his uniform.

"Then you think we should bear up for Jamaica?" asked Buckland.

"I wouldn't go as far as to advise it, sir," replied Bush, cautiously. The responsibility was Buckland's, entirely Buckland's, and Bush was a little irked at his trying to share it.

"But what else can we do?" asked Buckland. "What do you suggest?"

Bush remembered the plan of campaign Hornblower had sketched out to him, but he did not put it instantly forward; he had not weighed it sufficiently in his mind—he did not even know if he thought it practicable. Instead he temporized. "If we head for Jamaica, it'll be with our tails between our legs, sir," he said.

"That's perfectly true," agreed Buckland, with a helpless gesture. "There's the captain——"

"Yes," said Bush. "There's the captain."

IF the *Renown* were to report to the admiral at Kingston with a resounding success to her record, there might not be too diligent an inquiry into past events; but if she came limping in, defeated, battered, it would be far more likely that inquiry might be made into the reasons why her captain had been put under restraint, why Buckland had read the secret orders, why he had taken upon himself the responsibility of making the attack upon Samaná.

"It was young Hornblower who said the same thing to me," complained Buckland pettishly. "I wish I'd never listened to him."

"What did you ask him, sir?" asked Bush.

"Oh, I can't say that I asked him anything," replied Buckland, pettishly again. "We were yarning together on the quarterdeck one evening. It was his watch."

"I remember, sir," prompted Bush.

"We talked. The infernal little whippersnapper said just what you were saying—I don't remember how it started. But then it was a question of going to Antigua. Hornblower said that it would be better if we had the chance to achieve something before we faced an inquiry about the captain. He said it was my opportunity. So it was, I suppose. But with Hornblower talking, you'd think I was going to be posted captain tomorrow. And now. . . ." Buckland's gesture indicated how much chance he thought he had of ever being posted captain now.

Bush thought about the report Buckland would have to make: nine killed and twenty wounded; the *Renown's* attack ignominiously

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"Damn it," said Buckland, in pathetic self-defence, "we did our best. Anyone could run aground in that channel. It wasn't our fault that the helmsmen were killed. Nothing could get up the bay under that cross-fire."

"Hornblower was suggesting a landing on the seaward side. In Scotchman's Bay, sir." Bush was stepping delicately, speaking as cautiously as he could.

"Another of Hornblower's suggestions?" said Buckland.

"I think that's what he had in mind from the start, sir. A landing and a surprise attack." Probably it was because the attempt had failed, but Bush now could see the unreason of taking a wooden ship into a situation where red-hot cannon balls could be fired into her.

"What do *you* think?" Buckland asked.

"Well, sir. . . ." Bush was not sure enough about what he thought to be able to express himself with any clarity. But if they had failed once they might as well fail twice; as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. The difficulty was to devise an alternative plan of campaign. He tried to say all these things to Buckland, and was sufficiently carried away to be incautious.

"I see," said Buckland. In the light of the swaying lamps, the play of the shadows on his face accentuated the struggle in his expression. He came to a sudden decision. "Let's hear what he has to say."

"Aye, aye, sir. Smith has the watch. Hornblower has the middle—I expect he has turned in until he's called."

Buckland was as weary as anyone in the ship—wearier than most, it seemed likely. The thought of Hornblower stretched at ease in his cot while his superiors sat up fretting, wrought Buckland up to a pitch of decision that he might not otherwise have reached, determining him to act at once instead of waiting till the morrow.

"Pass the word for him," he ordered.

WITH commendable promptitude, Hornblower came into the cabin, his hair tousled and his clothes obviously hastily thrown on. He threw a nervous glance round the cabin as he entered; obviously he suffered from not unreasonable doubts as to why he had been summoned thus into the presence of his superiors.

"What plan is this I've been hearing about?" asked Buckland. "You had some suggestion for storming the fort, I understand, Mr. Hornblower." Hornblower did not answer immediately; he was marshalling his arguments and reconsidering his first plan in the light of the new situation.

"I thought a landing might have more chance, sir," he said. "But that was before the Dons knew there was a ship of the line in the neighbourhood."

"And now you don't think so?" Buckland's tone was a mixture of relief and disappointment — relief that he might not have to reach any further decisions, and disappointment that some easy way of gaining success was not being put forward. But Hornblower had had time now to sort out his ideas, and to think about times and distances. That showed in his face.

"I think something might well be tried, sir, as long as it was tried at once."

"At once?" This was night, the crew was weary, and Buckland's tone showed surprise at the suggestion of immediate activity. "You don't mean tonight?"

"Tonight might be the best time, sir. The Dons have seen us driven off with our tails between our legs—excuse me, sir, but that's how it'll look to them, at least. The last they saw of us was beating out of Samaná Bay at sunset. They'll be pleased with themselves. You know how they are, sir. An attack at dawn from another quarter, over land, would be the last thing they'd expect."

THAT sounded like sense to Bush, and he made a small approving noise, the most he would venture towards contributing to the debate.

"How would you make this attack, Mr. Hornblower?" asked Buckland.

Hornblower had his ideas in order now; the weariness disappeared and there was a glow of enthusiasm in his face.

"The wind's fair for Scotchman's Bay, sir. We could be back there in less than two hours—before midnight. By the time we arrive we can have the landing party told off and prepared. A hundred seamen and the marines. There's a good landing beach there—we saw it yesterday. The country inland must be marshy, before the hills of the peninsula start again, but we can land on the peninsula side of the marsh. I marked the place yesterday, sir."

"Well?"

Hornblower swallowed the realization that it was possible for a man not to be able to continue from that point with a single leap of his imagination. "The landing party can make their way up to the crest without difficulty, sir. There's no question of losing their way—the sea on one side and Samaná Bay on the other. They can move forward along the crest. At dawn they can rush the fort. What with the marsh and the cliffs, the Dons will keep a poor lookout on that side, I fancy, sir."

"You make it sound very easy, Mr. Hornblower. But—a hundred and eighty men?"

"Enough, I think, sir."

"What makes you think so?"

"There were six guns firing at us from the fort, sir. Ninety men at most—sixty more likely. Ammunition party; men to heat the furnaces. A hundred and fifty men altogether; perhaps as few as a hundred."

"But why should that be all they had?"

"The Dons have nothing to fear on that side of the island. They're holding out against the blacks, and the French, maybe, and the English

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Make it a duty

"HEALTH and happiness," someone once wrote, "are generally looked on as enviable gifts. The fact is they are duties. We prefer not to recognize this, as it involves an unpleasant amount of self-control."

I believe that, either through ignorance or selfishness, we make most of our difficulties ourselves. If a man shuns what he knows to be good, and invites evil, how can he possibly avoid trouble?

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Guy Gibson with his wife at the time he was awarded the V.C. He was killed a year later

the dams was in May, when they were full, when the pressure of water was greatest . . . when the floods would be greatest. After May the water level fell fast.

Grimly, Wallis wangled himself an interview with "Bomber" Harris. But as he crossed the threshold of Harris's office the crisp voice of the bomber chief hit him like a shock wave: "Now, what is it you want? I'm pestered too much by inventors. My boys' lives are too precious to be wasted by crazy notions."

It was enough to strike fear into the heart of the sturdiest inventor. Wallis nearly baulked, then pressed on. "It's this idea for destroying German dams," he said. "The effects would be enormous."

"I've heard of it," Harris grunted. "It sounds far-fetched."

"A Chance To Prove It"

Wallis said he'd like to explain it more fully and Harris listened in silence. When Wallis had finished he said: "If you think you're going to walk in here and get a squadron of Lancasters out of me you're mistaken. You're not."

Wallis controlled himself. "We don't want a squadron yet," he said. "We'd like a chance to prove it in trials with one Lancaster first." After that, Harris consented to watch his films of the model bombs doing their strange tricks. "Very interesting," he grunted. "D'you really think you can knock a dam down with that thing?"

"Yes," Wallis said. "Or it may take three or four. We can put them all in the same place."

"Prove it," said Harris briefly, "and I'll arrange a squadron."

Wallis came away full of hope, but the next day he was summoned to a senior executive who, in the past, had encouraged his bomb work. "Wallis," said the executive, "I've been asked by —— (a civilian official) to tell you to stop your nonsense about destroying dams. He tells me you're making a nuisance of yourself at the Ministry." Wallis turned and stormed out of the room.

A few days later, he resigned himself to the fact that now it was all hopeless—at least for another year.

That was the day he got a summons to the office of the official who had complained that he was making a nuisance of himself. The atmosphere was strained and proceedings opened with the complaining official saying, a little stiffly: "Mr. Wallis, we have received orders that your dams project is to go ahead with a view to an operation at all costs no later than May."

It turned out that Churchill and the Chief of the Air Staff had embraced the idea.

After battling for so long, Wallis, in the weeks that followed, sometimes thought he had got more action than he could stand. Life was work from dawn till midnight, seven days a week.

There was a full moon in mid-May. That gave them eleven weeks for the job . . . to finish the design of the full-size bomb, make prototypes, test them, perfect them, make a supply of them, convert the Lancasters extensively to carry them and train picked men to drop them in the strange new technique that Wallis had dreamed up.

A thousand and one complications crowded in on them from the start. The bomb was to be seven feet six inches in girth, and that posed some devilish bomb-bay problems. Many thousands of people worked on the project and only six of them knew what it was all about. There were explosives experts, designers, engineers, tactical experts and secret service men. And every day a fast Mosquito streaked at 25,000 feet deep into Germany over the dams, checking the rising water and the defences. If the secret leaked out, they would see the extra flak and have to call the raid off. It was going to be suicidal enough as it was. They would have to do it in bright moonlight to see the target; there were about ten gun positions around and on the Moehne alone and the big planes would have to fly at sixty feet over it on steady courses, into the muzzles of the guns.

The Hand-picked Squadron

Harris chose Air Vice-Marshal The Hon. Ralph Cochrane to plan and organize the raid, and Wing Commander Guy Gibson to lead it. Cochrane was a spare, lean man with a crisp and austere manner, perfectly reflecting one of the most brilliant brains in the Royal Air Force. He sent for Gibson, a nuggety, handsome man of twenty-six, with two D.S.O.s and two D.F.C.s. Gibson had just finished his third tour and was due for leave. Cochrane took him into his office and said: "How would you like to do one more trip, Gibson?"

Gibson said slowly: "Yes, I . . . I think so, sir," remembering the flak and the fighters he thought he had finished with for a time.

"Good, that's fine," Cochrane said, and four days later, on March 21, 1943, Number 617 Squadron came into being at Scampton bomber field in Lincolnshire. Gibson himself had hand-picked twenty-one crews, seven men to a crew —pilot, navigator, bomb-aimer, engineer, wireless operator and two gunners. His own crew was among them.

Nearly all were veterans—average age about twenty-two. All had done at least one tour and there were many medal ribbons among them. They came from Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and U.S.A. As it was to be a low-level "suicide" raid, Gibson had chosen among them a wiry, dapper little Australian with a ragged handlebar moustache, Micky Martin, who was a "gen" man on low flying over Germany.

Gibson put all crews on to low-flying practice, and hour after hour, day after day, the big Lancasters were nosing thunderously into the air and cruising at fifty feet over the fens of Lincolnshire, then gradually stretching out to the far counties, threading through the valleys of

Continued on page 36

Parachute dragged him to captivity

PAUL BRICKHILL

Australian-born Paul Brickhill, author of *The Dam Busters*, which JOHN BULL is serializing, joined the Royal Australian Air Force in 1941 and was a fighter pilot in Britain and the Middle East until he was shot down over the Mareth Line in Tunisia in March, 1943.

A Messerschmitt, diving out of cloud, hit both drums of cannon shells in his wings, wrecked the controls and wounded Brickhill. He tried to bail out of the spinning Spitfire, but his parachute caught in the cockpit and he fell from 10,000 feet to 1,000 feet hanging outside the plane before he managed to kick clear.

His flying boots were torn off and he landed in his socks in a minefield in No Man's Land. A strong wind (blowing the wrong way) filled his parachute and dragged him semi-conscious to the edge of the minefield—and captivity.

In Stalag Luft III he joined the "X" organization, working on the now-famous mass escape plan, through which seventy-six R.A.F. officers escaped. All but three were recaptured and fifty were shot by the Gestapo.

Liberated by the advancing British Army, Brickhill spent his p.o.w. leave in London, writing *Escape to Danger*, a preliminary account of the mass escape. Later he researched the whole affair thoroughly and wrote his best seller, *The Great Escape*. Before he wrote *The Dam Busters*, he spent eight months delving into R.A.F. records, reading old squadron diaries and letters from ex-members of 617 Squadron all over the world as well as talking hour after hour to old members of the squadron in Britain.

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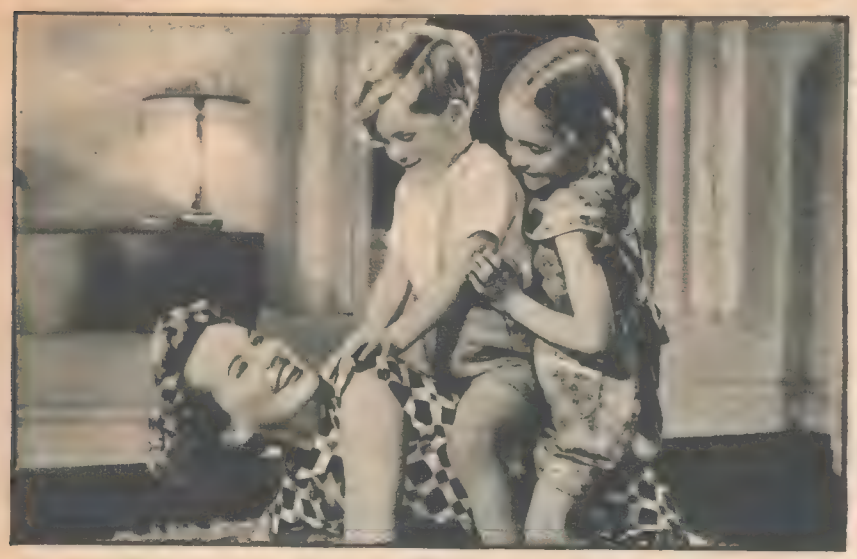

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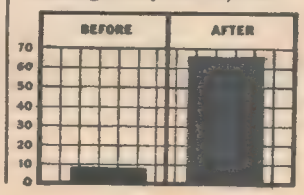

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glance in return from Hornblower that stifled at birth any regrets he may have felt at allowing his sentiments to influence his judgment. There was so much of relief, so much of gratitude, in the way Hornblower looked at him that Bush experienced a kindly glow of magnanimity; he felt a bigger and better man for what he had done.

"Very well, Mr. Bush," said Buckland. "Now let's hear what you need."

The discussion regarding the proposed expedition proceeded along normal lines; the men to be employed, the equipment that was to be issued to them, the rendezvous that had to be arranged for next morning. Hornblower kept himself studiously in the background.

"Any suggestions, Mr. Hornblower?" asked Bush at length. Politeness, if not policy as well, dictated the question. "Will you need a messenger?"

"It might be better if I had one, sir."

"Anyone in particular?"

"I'd prefer to have Wellard, sir, if you've no objection. He's cool-headed and thinks quickly."

"Very well." Buckland looked hard at Hornblower at the mention of Wellard's name, but said nothing more on the subject for the moment.

"Anything else? No? Mr. Bush? All settled?"

"Yes, sir," said Bush.

"Then it only remains to issue the orders. Will you see to it, if you please?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Bush.

He and Hornblower were about to leave the cabin when Buckland asked the question he had wanted to ask for so long.

"By the way, Mr. Hornblower," he said, and Hornblower halted beside the door. "How did the captain come to fall down the hatchway?"

Bush saw the expressionless mask take the place of the eager look on Hornblower's face. The answer took a moment or two to come.

"I think he must have overbalanced, sir," said Hornblower, with the utmost respect and a complete absence of feeling in his voice. "The ship was lively that night, you remember, sir."

"I suppose she was," said Buckland; disappointment and perplexity were audible in his tone. He stared at Hornblower, but there was nothing to be gleaned from that face. "Oh, very well, then. Carry on."

"Aye, aye, sir."

BOTH landing and ascent were easy at the foot of the gully; the launches nuzzled their bows into the sand and the landing party had only to climb out, thigh-deep in water—thigh-deep in liquid fire—holding their weapons and cartridge boxes high to make sure they were not wetted. Even the experienced seamen in the party were impressed by the brightness of the phosphorescence; the raw hands were excited enough by it to raise a bubbling chatter which called for a sharp order to repress it. Bush was one of the earliest to climb out of his launch; he splashed ashore and stood on the unaccustomed solidity of the beach while the others followed him; the water streamed down out of his soggy trouser-legs.

A dark figure appeared before him

"My party is all ashore, sir," it reported.

"Very good, Mr. Hornblower."

"I'll start up the gully with the advance guard, then, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Hornblower. Carry out your orders." He stood aside while his own party was being formed up and Hornblower, keeping his voice low, called the other division to order.

"Starbowlines! Follow me closely. Every man is to keep in touch with the man ahead of him. Remember your muskets aren't loaded—it's no use snapping them if we meet an enemy. Cold steel for that. If any one of you is fool enough to load and fire he'll get four dozen at the gangway tomorrow. That I promise you. Woolton!"

"Sir!"

"Bring up the rear. Now follow me, you men, starting from the right of the line."

Hornblower's party filed off into the darkness. Already the marines were coming ashore, their scarlet tunics black against the phosphorescence. The white crossbelts were faintly visible side by side in a rigid two-deep line as they formed up, the non-commissioned officers snapping low-voiced orders at them. With his left hand still resting on his sword hilt, Bush checked once more with his right hand that his pistols were in his belt and his cartridges in his pocket. A shadowy figure halted before him.

"All present and correct, sir. Ready to march off," said Whiting's voice.

"Thank you. We may as well start. Mr. Abbott!"

"Sir!"

"You have your orders. I'm leaving with the marine detachment now. Follow us."

"Aye, aye, sir."

IT was a long, hard climb up the gully. In a few minutes he was streaming with sweat, but he climbed on stubbornly. Behind him the marines followed clumsily, boots clashing, weapons and equipment clinking, so that anyone might think the noise would be heard a mile away. Someone slipped and swore.

"Keep a still tongue in yer 'ead," snapped a corporal.

"Silence!" snarled Whiting over his shoulder.

Onwards and upwards; here and

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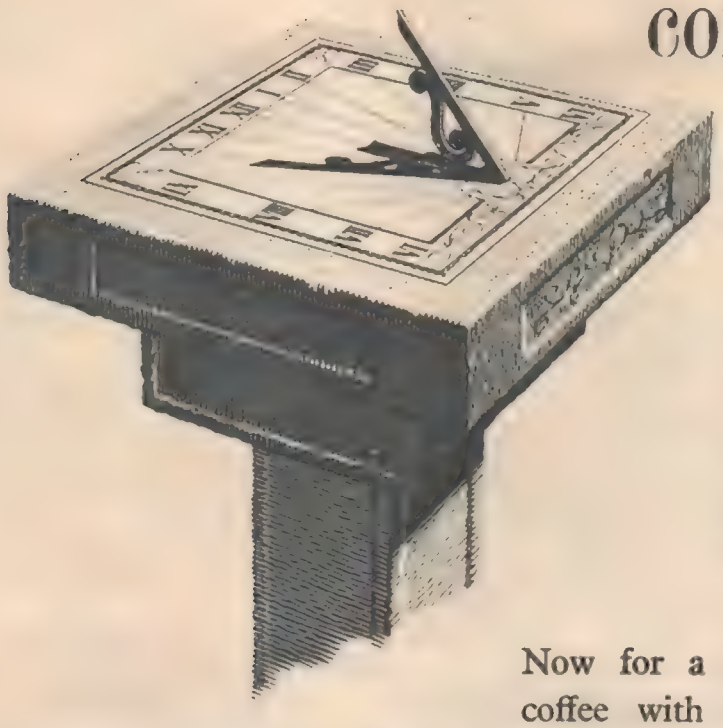

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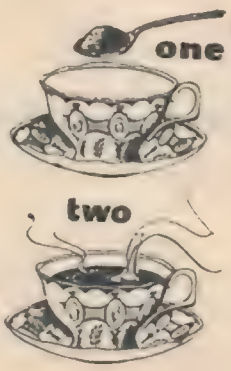

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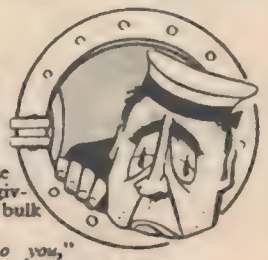

No Nelson Touch about Hookey. Leading Seaman he may be, but able-bodied—never! "Any complaints?" I hailed him.

"Fire down below," moaned Hookey. "All this con-stip-ation I get makes me feel as dull as a pusser's dirk. I can't even bring myself to pipe up spirits!"

"Bad piping was always your trouble," I said.

" 'Ere —" began Hookey.

"Belay that," I said. "I'm talking about the 30 ft. of piping in your 'midships. Doesn't matter what you eat—corn dog or hard tack, it all has to go through that piping. But, if you eat a lot of starchy foods, the muscles which pull it through lose their grip, and start to skulk."

"Well?" said Hookey.

"Well nothing," I said. "You're absolutely two blocks—chocker! And that's when constipation makes you feel like the last days of Pompey. What you want," I said, "is more bulk in your diet."

"What's that in English?" said Hookey.

"All-Bran with your breakfast," I said. "Just a little of that delicious cereal every day'll make you 'regular' by giving your muscles bulk to pull on."

"Bulk-heads to you," said Hookey. But he had a look in his eye.

And the next time I saw him, what do you think? There was Hookey grinning like a liberty man going up the line on long leave. "Ahoy there," I said. "Everything ship-shape?"

"Hullabaloobelay!" sang Hookey. "That All-Bran's marvellous! It made me 'regular' inside a week!"

"Anchor's aweigh," I said.

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there the vegetation was lofty enough to cut off the faint light from the stars, and Bush had to grope his way along over the rock, his breath coming with difficulty, powerfully built though he was.

Suddenly, a squeaky voice, moderated as best its owner knew how, greeted him from the darkness ahead. "Mr. Bush, sir?"

"Yes."

"This is Wellard, sir. Mr. Hornblower sent me back here to act as guide. There's grassland beginning just above here."

"Very well," said Bush.

He halted for a space, wiping his streaming face with his coat-sleeve, while the column closed up behind him. It was not much farther to climb when he moved on again; and, sure enough, Bush felt grass under his feet, and he could walk more freely, uphill still, but only a gentle slope compared with the gully. There was a low challenge ahead of them.

"Friend," said Wellard, at his side. "This is Mr. Bush here."

"Glad to see you, sir," said another voice—Hornblower's. Hornblower detached himself from the darkness and came forward to make his report. "My party is formed up just ahead, sir. I've sent Saddler and two reliable men on as scouts."

"Very good," said Bush, and meant it.

The marine sergeant was reporting to Whiting. "All present, sir, 'cept Chapman, sir. 'E's sprained 'is ankle, or 'e says 'e 'as, sir. Left 'im be'ind back there, sir."

"Let your men rest, Captain Whiting," said Bush.

Life in the confines of a ship of the line was no sort of training for climbing cliffs in the tropics, especially as the day before had been exhausting. The marines lay down, some of them with groans of relief which drew the unmistakable reproof of savage kicks from the sergeant's toe.

"We're on the crest here, sir," said Hornblower. "You can see over into the bay from that side there."

"Three miles from the fort, d'ye think?"

Bush did not mean to ask a question, for he was in command, but Hornblower was so ready with his report that Bush could not help doing so.

"Perhaps. Less than four, anyway, sir. Dawn in four hours from now, and the moon rises in half an hour."

"Yes."

"There's some sort of track or path along the crest, sir, as you'd expect. It should lead to the fort."

"Yes."

Hornblower was a good subordinate, clearly. Bush realized now that there would naturally be a track along the crest of the peninsula—that would be the obvious thing—but the probability had not occurred to him until that moment.

"If you will permit me, sir," went on Hornblower, "I'll leave James in command of my party and push on ahead with Saddler and Wellard and see how the land lies."

"Very good, Mr. Hornblower."

Yet no sooner had Hornblower left than Bush felt a vague irritation. It seemed that Hornblower was taking too much on himself. Bush was not a man who would tolerate any infringement upon his authority. However, Bush was distracted from this train of thought by the arrival of the second division of seamen, who came sweating and gasping up to join the main body. With the memory of his own weariness when he arrived still fresh in his mind, Bush allowed them a rest period before he should push on with his united force. Even in the darkness, a cloud of insects had discovered the sweating force, and a host of them sang round Bush's ears and bit him viciously at every opportunity.

He slapped at himself and swore, and every man in his command did the same.

"Mr. Bush, sir?"

It was Hornblower back again.

"Yes?"

"It's a definite trail, sir. It crosses a gully just ahead, but it's not a serious obstacle."

"Thank you, Mr. Hornblower. We'll move forward. Start with your division, if you please."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The advance began.

Bush, plodding on at the head of the marines with Whiting at his side, felt the darkness all about him like a warm blanket. There was a dreamlike quality about the march, induced perhaps by the fact that Bush had not slept for twenty-four hours and he was stupid with the fatigues he had undergone during that period. The path was ascending gently—naturally, of course, since it was rising to the highest part of the peninsula where the fort was sited.

"Ah!" said Whiting suddenly. The path had wandered to the right, away from the sea and towards the bay, and now they had crossed the backbone of the peninsula and opened up the view over the bay. On their right they could see clear down the bay to the sea. Above the horizon a little moonlight was struggling through the clouds that lay at the lower edge of the sky.

A NEW voice came out of the darkness. "Mr. Bush, sir? It was Wellard, his voice more under command this time.

"Here I am."

"Mr. Hornblower sent me back again, sir. There's another gully ahead, crossing the path. An' we've come across some cattle, sir. Asleep on the hill. We disturbed 'em, an' they're wandering about."

"Thank you, I understand," said Bush.

Bush had the lowest opinion of the ordinary man and the sub-ordinary man who constituted the great bulk of his command. He knew perfectly well that if they were to blunder into cattle along this path they would think they were meeting the enemy. There would be excitement and noise, even if there was no shooting.

"Mr. Wellard, please tell Mr. Hornblower I am going to halt for fifteen minutes."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Wellard, and turned in the dark.

A rest and opportunity to close up the column were desirable for the weary men in any case, as long as there was time to spare. And during the rest the men could be personally and individually warned about the possibility of encountering cattle.

Bush knew that merely to pass the word back down the column would be unsatisfactory, actually unsafe, with these tired and slow-witted men. He gave the order and the column came to a halt, of course, with sleepy men bumping into the men in front of them with a clatter and a murmur that the whispered curses of the petty officers with difficulty suppressed. The warning was being circulated among the men lying in the grass by a petty officer.

"Seaman Black, sir. 'E's drunk."

"Drunk?"

"'E must 'ave 'ad sperrits in 'is canteen, sir. You can smell it on 'is breff. Dunno 'ow 'e got it, sir."

With 180 seamen and marines under his command, one man at least was likely to be drunk. The ability of the British sailor to get hold of liquor and his readiness to over-indulge in it were part of his physical make-up, like his ears or his eyes.

"Where is he now?"

"'E made a noise, sir, so I clipped 'im on the ear'ole, an' 'e's quiet now, sir."

There was much left untold in that brief sentence, as Bush could guess, but he had no reason to make further inquiry while he thought of what to do.

"Choose a steady seaman and leave him with Black when we go on."

"Aye, aye, sir."

So the landing party was the weaker now by the loss of the services not only of the drunken Black but of the man who must be left behind to keep him out of mischief. But it was lucky that there were not more stragglers than there had been up to now.

As the column moved forward again, Hornblower's gangling figure showed up ahead, silhouetted against the faint moonlight. He fell into step beside Bush and made his report.

"I've sighted the fort, sir."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir. A mile ahead from here, or thereabouts, there's another gully. The fort's beyond that. I've left Wellard and Saddler at the gully with orders to halt the advance there."

"Thank you."

Bush plodded on over the uneven surface. Now, despite his fatigue, he was growing tense again, as the tiger, having scented his prey, braces his muscles for the spring. Bush was a fighting man, and the thoughts of action close ahead acted as a stimulant to him. Two hours to sunrise; time and to spare.

"How far from the gully to the fort?" he asked.

"About half a mile, I should say, sir."

"Very well. I'll halt there and wait for daylight."

"Yes, sir. May I go on to join my division?"

"You may, Mr. Hornblower."

Bush and Whiting were holding down the pace of the march to a slow, methodical step, adapted to the capacity of the slowest and clumsiest man in the column; Bush began to discuss with Whiting plans for the final assault.

There was a petty officer waiting for them at the approach to the gully. Bush passed the word back for the column to be ready to halt, and then halted it. He went forward to reconnoitre; with Whiting and Hornblower beside him he stared forward at the square silhouette of the fort against the sky.

The arrangements were quickly made, the orders whispered back and forth, the final warnings given. It was the most dangerous moment so far, as the men had to be moved up into the gully and deployed ready for a rush. One whisper from Whiting called for more than a moment's cogitation from Bush.

"Shall I give permission for the men to load, sir?"

"No," answered Bush at length. "Cold steel."

IT would be too much of a risk to allow all those muskets to be loaded in the dark. There would not only be the noise of the ramrods but there was also the danger of some fool pulling a trigger. Hornblower went off to the left, Whiting with his marines to the right, and Bush lay down in the midst of his division in the centre. His legs ached with their unaccustomed exercise and, as he lay, his head was inclined to swim with fatigue and lack of sleep. He roused himself and sat up so as to bring himself under control again.

Some of the seamen actually slept as they lay in the rocky gully; more than once Bush heard snores begin, abruptly cut off by the nudges of the snorers' neighbours.

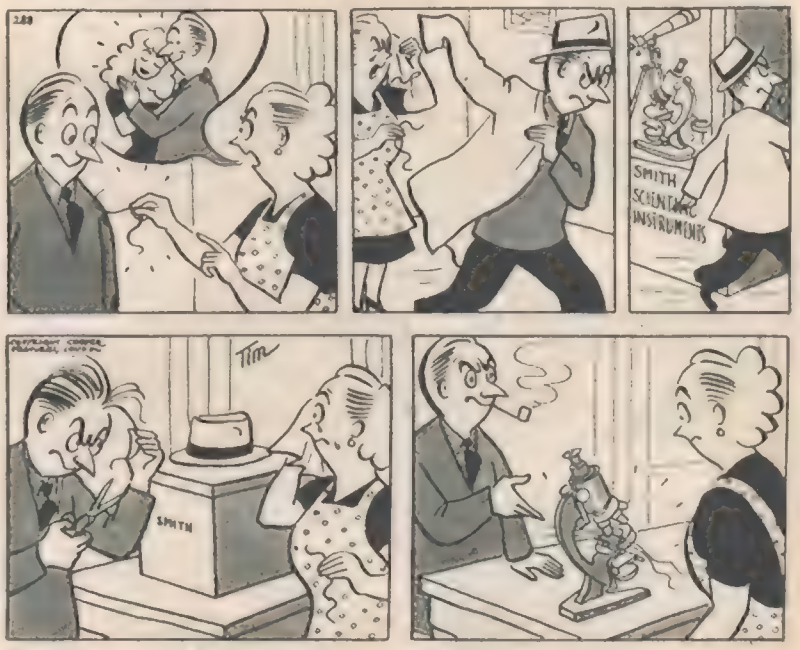
Now there, at last, right ahead, beyond the fort—was the sky a little paler? Or was it merely that the moon had climbed above the cloud? All round about save there, the sky was like purple velvet, still spangled with stars. But there—there—undoubtedly there was a pallor in the sky which had not been there before.

Bush stirred and felt again at the uncomfortable pistols in his belt. They were at half cock; he must remember to pull the hammers back. On the horizon there was a suspicion, the merest suggestion, of a redness mingled with the purple of the sky.

"Pass the word down the line," said Bush. "Prepare to attack."

To be continued next week

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



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THE DAM BUSTERS

Continued from page 10

the Pennines, climbing and diving over the Welsh mountains, then down to Cornwall and up to Scotland, eventually as far as the Hebrides. Low-flying, always low flying (normally forbidden because of the danger) until they could do it with automatic skill, their reflexes perfectly tuned.

But mostly they wanted practice in moonlight, and moonlight in England is rarer than sunshine. In the end, they spread amber screens round the cockpits and the pilots wore light blue glasses. Amber and blue were "complementary colours"; the pilots could still see their instruments inside the cockpit, but outside, through the amber screens, was like looking out on moonlight. They flew thousands of miles like that.

And still not even Gibson knew the target. He only sensed that his new squadron was either going to make history or be wiped out. Perhaps both.

One day 5 Group Headquarters sent him down to see Wallis at Weybridge, and Wallis explained his shock-wave theory, then took him into a little projection room, flicked the switches, and a little screen lit up with the simple title: "Most Secret Trial No. 1." Gibson saw a Wellington dive into a view over water and a black thing fall from it. It hit, and as the spray cleared, Gibson started in amazement at what he saw. Wallis said: "Well, that's my secret bomb. That's how you're going to put it in the right place. Now can you fly at 240 m.p.h. exactly at sixty feet over smooth water at night?"

"I don't know whether we can," Gibson said dubiously. "How much margin of error is allowed?"

"None," Wallis said. "That's the catch. Exactly sixty feet."

"Secret Must Be Kept"

It was only a couple of days later that Cochrane took Gibson into his office, showed him three flat packing cases and said: "If you'd like to lift those lids, you'll know your targets."

Gibson gingerly lifted the slats and found himself looking at model fields and woods, lakes and a river. He stood staring at them, and then noticed the ramparts across the necks of the lakes. "Dams!" He almost breathed the word in astonishment.

"Yes. Dams," Cochrane said. "Now you know. No one else is to know. If the Germans get to hear about it . . . none of you will be coming back from those dams."

Gibson experimented over a lake in the Pennines to see if he could fly exactly at sixty feet over water. By day he found he could do it reasonably well, but when they tried again that night the water merged with the gloom and by a few bare inches they missed diving into the lake. They pulled off the treacherous dark surface with a roar of engines and

"You mean . . . this is goodbye?"

a fine spray drawn up by the propellers, all of them shaken, except Nigger, Gibson's big black Labrador dog who always flew with Gibson. They went back and tried again and again, but it seemed hopeless.

That was only one of the obstacles. There were many more. The bomb-aimers tried practice bombing with the low-level bomb-sight, but the drops were not nearly accurate enough. Cochrane put the "back-room boys" on to it, and, two days later, a Wing Commander Dann called to see Gibson and produced a rough triangle of plywood with a nail in two of the corners and a peephole in the other. "I think this will solve you aiming problems," he said.

Absurd—But It Worked

Gibson looked at the crude gadget incredulously. "You may have noticed a couple of towers on each dam wall," Dann said. "Well, you look through this peephole and when the towers come in line with the nails you press the button. You'll find your bomb will fall exactly in the right spot."

It looked rather absurd, but when workmen put up a couple of dummy towers on a Midland dam and Gibson tried it out, he found it worked. Then a London scientist visited them.

"I think we've solved this height thing for you," he said in his studious way. "You stick a spotlight under the nose of your plane and another under the belly, both pointing downwards so they converge at sixty feet. When the two spots come together on the water, there you are, dead at sixty feet."

Gibson said wonderingly: "Well I'm damned." He turned to Spafford, his bomb-aimer, and said: "What d'you think of that, Spam?" and Spafford said airily:

"Oh, I could've told you that, sir. Last night Terry and I went to the Ensa show, and when the strip-tease girl came on, there were these two spotlights shining on her. The idea crossed my mind then."

Gibson just looked at him.

They fitted the lights and that solved the height problem. (It also

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HE TRIED TO BE TOO CLEVER!

TRYING to be too clever in his *Bullets* brought little success, reports reader E. E. Davies, 20 Manor Way, Croxley Green, Herts. But, he added, within a few weeks of determining to make clearer, more forceful *Bullets*, he won the £350 First Prize in Competition No. 1,796 for this effort: ON THE PRECIPICE EDGE—"BUTTERFLY" PEACE ELUDING MAN.

Let Mr. Davies's experience and this week's list of prize efforts be your guide as you make up your *Bullets* for that coupon below. Another instalment of this year's huge total of over 1,000 Christmas turkeys and Surrey fowls for *Bullets* winners is waiting amongst this week's 2,120 prizes. And as a second string to your bow, why not enclose an entry for that Crossword £100 and Christmas feasts galore?

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"What a hamper!" declared *Bullets* First Prize-winner Davies, recalling a prize he won last Christmas. But the *Bullets* hamper *you* can win for this Christmas, note, will be even more valuable—its contents include a 10-12 lb. prime turkey, specially selected for *John Bull*.

Continued from next column

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

The Government's Job
Peace Is The Goal, So
Dragon Depression
In Power
Blood On The Road
Glorious Life
Champion Of The Underdog
Looking Back
Man With A Wife
Shabby
Without A Word
Lace, Ribbons And
Now He's Dead
Happy As Can Be
When You Lose
Landed
In Auntie's Handbag
Witches' Brew
On The Spot
Blotted Her Copybook

Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions

To Better.....
Red And.....
Human.....
Made The Official.....
Left To.....
Put.....Off

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,806 (or Xword 758) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 17, and in JOHN BULL, dated Nov. 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

MORE XMAS FEASTS

in next week's JOHN BULL!

"Bullets" Winners 1,801

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus "10-in-1" Award: G. Collins, 70 Morton Road, New North Road, Islington, London, N.1: HUNDREDS OF CHAMPIONS WE HOPE "BOOTHS" PRODUCE.

£50: T. Atkins, 37 Nether Close, Finchley, N.3: SOAPSUDS—CAUSE A THOUSAND "REFLECTIONS."

£25: Mrs. Lawdham, 22 Twyford Court, London, N.10: LOVELIER THAN EVER—AFTER JET'S INTERRUPTION, LARK!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: H. T. Way, 58 Leighton Gardens, Kensal Rise, N.W.10: HE'S A NOBODY, BUT DAD *Was* LANCE-CORPORAL, REMEMBER! £10: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy, Glam: HUNDREDS OF BOMBERS—HOPE ONLY "RAIDING" *Treasury*! £5: Miss E. Duggan, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 46 Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool: THE AGITATOR—INSIDE SONNY—SUNNY, OUTSIDE. £5: J. V. Hardy, 137 Cheadle Old Road, Edgeley, Stockport: HUNDREDS OF TRADESMEN — ASKING, "WHAT'S DALTON SELLING?" £5: K. T. Rees, 56 Avenue Road, St. Neots: HUNDREDS OF EXCUSES — SPLASHED THROUGH DAD'S MIND! £5: L. L. Richmond, 28 Clarence Street, Kingston-on-Thames: SHOOK HER—HENPECK, BECOMING A "TERRIER"! £5: Mrs. L. S. Venables, 19 Meyrick Road, Ely, Cardiff: LOVELIER THAN EVER—LATER THAN EVER, WIFEY!

Continued in previous column

XMAS FOWLS and PUDDINGS for XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 758

1. When Christmas gets very near, kiddies are to be seen putting coloured paper chains together with
5. These often protect from the cold
6. One expects this to glow
10. It destroys confidence of woman speaker if she feels like
12. May appear shallow but in fact be deep
13. A little soap and they'll come more easily
14. Plain facts make it seem silly

Down Clues

2. Speaker whose talk is this is unlikely to win support
3. Trap set in field often proves fatal to one
4. Many a one is admired for lovely curve
7. The fact that traffic is regularly held up by these must cost the country a lot of money
8. Can mean difficulty for very fat people
9. Some are difficult to get across
10. Collector of pictures occasionally acquires this
11. Children's eyes sometimes seem to do this with pleasurable excitement

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XWORD 753 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 5, Fleet. 6, Sprawl. 8, Age. 9, Greed. 12, Notes. 13, Curt. 14, Bats. 15, Sunny. DOWN: 1, Class. 2, Wear. 3, Wop. 4, Pork. 7, Corn. 10, Petty. 11, Turn.

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 10.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1	2A	S	T	E	■	3	■	4	■
■		■	■	5F		A	M	E	S
6	I	7G	H	T	■	T	E	A	■
■	D	A	D	■	■	■	■	C	8S
9	■	■	■	10F		I	11G	H	T
O	M	E	G	A	■	■	■	■	
R	A	S	■	■	■	12	O	O	L
D	N	■	■	E	N	■	W	O	E
13S	U	■	S	■	E	G	■	Z	S
■	S	■	14B	■	B	B	L	E	758

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

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619

meant that as they were pelting up to the targets the lights would betray them to the flak.)

Gibson was planning the raid now, plotting the courses between all the known flak positions in Germany, and drawing up a simple code for directing the raid. He could not take his beloved Nigger on this flight, so he gave him the greatest honour he could think of. When (and if) the Moehne Dam was breached he would radio the code word, "Nigger."

On the morning of May 15, Cochrane flew over to see Gibson. He said briefly: "Start briefing your chaps, but make them keep their mouths shut. If the weather is right, you go tomorrow night."

That evening, Gibson called all his pilots, navigators and bomb-aimers to the briefing-room. He stood facing them, feet braced apart, face flushed and bright-eyed. When there was dead silence, he said: "Very soon now we are going to attack the major dams of Western Germany. Here they are on this map. Here is the Moehne, here is the Eder and here the Sorpe. All just east of the Ruhr. One wave of five aircraft is going by this northern route to attack the Sorpe. The others are going by this southern route to prang the Moehne and Eder. Now we're all going low level, and we've plotted your courses in and out of all the known flak. *Don't* stray off those courses or you'll go into the flak and you won't come out again."

Later, as the tired Gibson was going to bed, Whitworth, the station commander, came up to him, looking worried, and said: "Guy, I'm awfully sorry, but Nigger's just been run over by a car outside the camp. I'm afraid he's dead." Later, Gibson said: "I hope it's not an omen."

On Their Way At Last

At ten to nine next evening he told the crews: "Well, chaps, my watch says time to go."

Soon Gibson's G for George waddled round to the south fence, turned to face across the airfield and stood there, ticking gently over. Gibson slid the throttles forward and the blare of engines slammed across the field as they were rolling, picking up speed. Heavy with over four tons of bombs and five tons of petrol, G for George slowly lifted and slid over the northern fence.

After the long years of work, Wallis's dreams had begun to come true. They were on their way.

* * *

The planes were circling the lake, out of range but warily watching the flak hosing up from the dam wall, chains of glowing balls climbing into the darkness like red and green bubbles rising in black soda water. They would have to fly through it soon at "nought feet," with those betraying spotlights under the bellies.

Gibson had been calling the roll over the R/T and knew that some of his planes were already missing; knew, too, that now the worst part was to come. He said soberly into the intercom: "Well, boys, I suppose we'd better start the ball rolling," and then flicked his transmitter switch: "Hallo, all Cooler aircraft. I am going in to attack. Stand by to come in when I tell you. Hallo, M Mother. Stand by to take over if anything happens."

NEXT WEEK: The Attack.

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Winston Churchill. The quotations are from "My Early Life" (Odhams Press).

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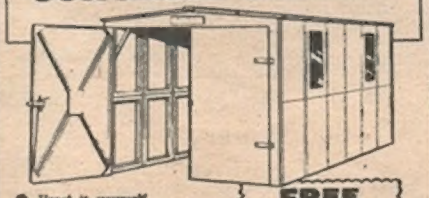

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